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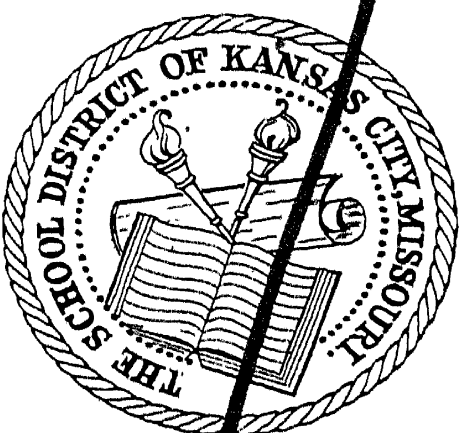

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MUD AND STARS

AN ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD WAR SONGS AND POETRY

EDITED BY DOROTHEA YORK

AUSTRALIAN CHAPTER BY
ARTHUR BOUGHTON

NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

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To

ARTHUR STANLEY BOUGHTON

"A" COMPANY, 39TH BATTALION

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCES

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Although I have usually placed my specific acknowledgments beneath each song or poem (a practice that has sometimes led to a rather amusing coupling of distinguished names with very arrant nonsense) in several cases I met with such extraordinary consideration that my special thanks are required. Occasionally too, I received general assistance and encouragement that could not be attached to any one piece of work. Such grateful acknowledgments are due to representatives of the following firms: Leo. Feist, Boosey and Company, Sherman Clay, M. Witmark, The Cornhill Company—and more individually to Philip Von Blon and members of his staff of the *American Legion Monthly;* Henry Mayers, of the *A.E.F. Hymnal;* George Sir Archibald Macdonell, KCB, CMG, DSO; Colonel C. H. L. Sharman, CMG, CBE of the C.F.A.; Mr. E. Pye of the Historical Section of the Department of National Defence (Canada); Colonel C. F. Constantine, former Commandant of the Royal Military College of Canada; Lt. von Klonowski, Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, and Charles Coburn (of Better 'Ole fame); Theophile Wendt, authority on South African songs; Dr. Ono, Mr. Hoshino, and Mr. Yamagiwa; Miss Elizabeth Steele, Head of the Music and Drama Department of the Detroit Public Library; Mrs. Charles Mooney, Chairman Americanization Committee, D.A.R.; Mr. John Dancy of the Urban League; The Rev. Jerome E. Webber and Mrs. Webber; Miss Frances Locher, Miss Edith Pierce, Mrs. William Wise; Mr. Frederick Protheroe and Mr. Fred Black; and to the men who once formed "A" Company, 339th Infantry, A.N.R.E.F., especially Mr. E. H. Knox.

INTRODUCTION

A song is of all created things the most faithless, thorough rascal ever born—and the most friendly—for like some other gay roaring blades, he has his virtues. He is a renegade and a turncoat, deserting his well-mated lyric at a moment's notice and scampering off to any distance; for one moment he may be in church wedded to the most exalted and virtuous poem; and in a month he may be found at the estaminet in disreputable company and running away with a shocking set of words, a perfect barmaid of verse.

In war he will march under any flag and wear any coat with perfect impartiality, now roaring with patriotism for one nation, now for another, and always the scoundrel will embrace any attractive new theme, and then go rollicking over the world to the next, for language is no bar to him. He was surely the first "citizen of the world." And soldier songs are the most cosmopolitan of them all—rarely set down, always changing, always moving, and yet rather jolly vagabonds. To try to place them in prim rows, to analyze them, to say this was born here, travelled thus, and died there is impossible. They spring from anywhere or nowhere, they travel constantly and usually in several directions at once, and like good "old soldiers" they "never die."

So I must crave your indulgence in my division of these incorrigibles into squads. It is only for our mutual convenience and not with any idea that I have really properly placed them or that they will stay there even for a moment. In fact I beg leave to doubt that anyone can properly arrange them. When for instance you have a song originally British, from an American who heard the French sing it in

Bavaria, where would you place it? I would have said three years ago that *Sweet Adeline* was one of those sentimental American ballads that followed the Civil War, but it was sent to me from Australia as a favorite marching song of the Diggers. *John Brown's Body* was popular with the troops of many nations but especially with the British, and *Marching Through Georgia* was tossed like a balloon through all the armies in '14 and the Japanese sang it when they entered Port Arthur. Both Canadians and Americans were partial to *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here* and when the Marines led at Château Thierry they charged shouting it—out of 8000 only 1800 came back alive and unhurt. When the transport *Tuscania* sunk, our compatriots sang *America* that the British might sing with them *God Save the King*. *Tipperary* was adopted by the French and rather neglected by the British, who however in the early days of the war, took up the French *Button Song* to march by. And when Diggers and Doughboys carolled joyously together one might hear that beautiful ditty, *One Grasshopper Sat on Another Grasshopper's Back*. And so it went, to the despair of the methodist and the antiquarian but to the perfect satisfaction of everyone else.

Many of the songs just mentioned I have omitted as being not really of this war and yet worth notice. It has been my general intention to confine myself to such Great War ballads as were popular with troops, and to such poetry as was written by soldiers during 1914 to 1919—in brief, a military anthology of the war. This restriction has excluded civilian favorites like *God be with Our Boys Tonight* and similar songs, the plaints of the girls they left behind them, some of the type that dealt with the call of France to America, the sectional song such as *My Michigan, Dixie,* etc. so popular with the homesick doughboy but not war songs, the older

Army and Navy songs so exhaustively covered elsewhere, and a number of maudlin juvenile efforts about soldier daddies—not, to give us our due, so popular as to seem to warrant the production.

Concerning the literature which I have included, I rather think that these outpourings of the mind and emotions of our late army may be surprising to many people. I have, of course, read hundreds of similar writings that are not reproduced here for your information, and the mass of them has been even more enlightening than any selections can be. It need not be surprising, however, for they sang of what men have always sung, of love and war; and as through the centuries the love theme has gradually dominated the war, so a twentieth century army spent the greater part of its written thought upon love in its various phases.

I expect that statement to be challenged but it is true none the less. I do not mean by this that our armies marched to *Blest be the Tie that Binds*. I am well aware that the words of the songs to which they did march are often not sufficiently respectable to bear print—even in these fair times when if books could smell of their contents no book shop would be endurable without a gas mask. The problem of the broad and the risqué was however, far less than might be supposed. Some were really unprintable without question, some included songs had unprintable verses and even some of the verses which I have used have been slightly doctored to pass muster. As one man put it in a letter to me, "Nearly all of it is as we sang it, except for a few words here and there, understand? I've sort of let it down a bit."

For the rest, a few were questionable. The amount of verse in this class is what the chemists call a trace only, but the songs were great offenders; yet it was easy to exclude,

for what came under my observation was usually as stupid as it was broad and there was no temptation to preserve it.

In the matter of Private Bill Smith's profanity, I often could not unscramble it from his prayers, and I doubt if he could always, so I have sometimes given him the benefit of the doubt. Doughboy theology was not strictly orthodox but had a very refreshing vigor. Bishop Page tells a story reminiscent of his days as hut chaplain in an American camp that illustrates this point to perfection. An efficient Sergeant was overheard persuading his men to attend Bible classes being held in the camp for the benefit of soldiers. "Now go, men," he urged. "It won't do you a damn bit of harm, and it may do you a hell of a lot of good." Perhaps too, as the bayonet instructor said, the doughboy "swore in a damn good cause," if that is any extenuation. Profanity or near profanity was undoubtedly the A.E.F.'s besetting sin but one should be charitable even here. Perhaps they lived with God too intimately to employ the customary formal phraseology.

And so, though possibly my sensibilities have been blunted by my researches for the past few years, I feel that on the whole the selections are representative and at the same time moderately respectable. Some will think them too censored, some too broad. The American *She is a Lulu* and the British *Kafoosalem* have been spared me. They are, I understand, past all hope of policing up. In spite of this and of many odd facts that I possess on the subject, I maintain my original proposition that the great theme of the A.E.F. was love—fraternal, filial, matrimonial, and plain sentimental—for men are very sentimental in war time.

It should be understood at once, however, that there is a strong line of division between the songs and the verse that troops invent—the difference between the vagabond

minstrel and the respectable citizen. The first is an extremely public performance shouted along the highway for all to hear, bellowed out in estaminets, or done *sotto voce* to amuse oneself and one's pals in the trench at night. No man in his senses bawls out his best thoughts in this way, but a bit of comedy is priceless—a hit on the day's experiences, local color, mock emotion, anything for a laugh. Accordingly you may expect troop songs to be ribald to the point of profanity and obscenity, or just arrant nonsense that joined to a good strong rhythm made weary young legs continue somehow through the unspeakable Flanders mud. War verse, however, was the product of some small degree of privacy and leisure. In consequence it was, as a rule, better thought out and more skilfully executed—but we shall consider the verse more fully in a moment.

A troop song is composed usually from march to march, beginning with a tune reminiscent or frankly parodied, with a strong marching rhythm; then a line comes from here, another from there and the whole is perhaps tied together with a satisfying refrain. Many men and many marches will thereafter provide a thousand variations of tune and words and eventually you have a product more truly of the army than hobnails or khaki—and sometimes wearing service stripes.

It is understood that such lyrics as I have used are only examples. Variation was the rule rather than the exception, in fact there seems to have been an actual prejudice against vain repetition. Usually these songs were hardly sung twice alike. To catch the fleeting combination of words on a single occasion is the only way to show how the thing was done. I have, however, been careful to use such verses as actually were sung in the war period by at least one soldier or unit.

It is also true that regularly published popular songs, old and new, were often pressed into service as marching songs, and these words might be as sentimental as the author chose. The singer feeling no self-conscious responsibility about them and being in an emotional state internally, rather liked them that way. This is particularly true of such as had a haunting wistful strain rather than a downright splash of sentimentality. In my opinion, the *Long Trail* owed its extravagant popularity in great measure to this. It expressed vaguely and not too specifically the general longings of the Doughboy's heart. *Tipperary* did the same for the Tommy, and *Madelon* for the Poilu. *"Ce n'est que Madelon mais pour nous c'est l'amour."* All three were love songs in a not too extravagant strain.

Tommy is even more susceptible to these sentimental ballads than the Doughboy (although he goes even farther if possible into vulgarity when he aims to be naughty). Lieutenant Nettleinghame, the author of a book on British soldier songs, states that the most popular songs for harmonization in the English army were *Annie Laurie* and *Home, Sweet Home;* and Sir Harry Lauder as a "Minstrel in France" found that the great favorites were *Roamin' in the Gloamin', A Wee Hoose Amang the Heather,* and similar airs. The Diggers marched habitually to *Sweet Adeline,* and often sang *There's a Ship That's Bound for Blighty* when coming out of the trenches. The Canadians had one so truly saccharine that I hesitate to mention it at all in our sophisticated times.

The verse, as I said before, is quite a different matter. With the exception of Joyce Kilmer and Alan Seeger, we had no great soldier poets, and these two have left us little war verse. In spite of this fact, there were hundreds of poems well worth recording. Some of them were written by pro-

fessional poets in regularly published books of verse. From these books, I have chosen a few illustrations of their work. More than creditable as this work is, there is little to comment upon now. Personally I have many great favorites that were hard to leave and selection has been very difficult sometimes. Often I left quite as good material as I selected. By all means read them complete for yourself.

The unknown poets of the war have had little recognition in the past, but I have been much interested in them—the chaps who sang for a brief time and then sang no more. Perhaps their work was finished. It is good to know when this is so. To me, as to you, they are usually only names, sometimes not even that. Whether their silence came from the content of domestic happiness or in a last mad charge in France we often do not know. They made no pretensions to literature, they asked of us neither fame nor coin of the realm; sometimes the verse is unsigned, sometimes they hid behind a barrage of initials or an obvious nom de plume. In fact a type of man has spoken who would have remained silent except for the overwhelming forces of unusual times that compelled him to speak. To judge this work precisely as you would that of other poets would be both stupid and unkind, but it is a little difficult to do otherwise. It is possible, however, for they have their own subjects, their own characteristics, their own limitations, and their own difficulties of temporary environment.

As was to be expected, the amateur poet was most successful when he wrote in the vernacular, using such speech as he employed daily; and although his many elisions may grow wearisome, it was better than artificiality. But in struggling to express the untalked of emotions of religion and human affections, there is often an attempt at unfamiliar words; and although what prompted these efforts is

in the mass profoundly moving and does our army infinite credit, to repeat them here before a sane, hard-headed, and uncomprehending world would be both useless and unkind. I, too, was very young back in '17. *Requiescant in pace.*

I have, however, been able to select some very good verse to represent this mass of material, for there *is* a great quantity. On no other subject did young Smith write so much: his mother and his sweetheart, inextricably mingled with his religion, are the great themes, countlessly repeated. And in the same category come other women of the same type, the Salvation Army Lassie, the Red Cross Nurse, the Canteen Woman. A few poems are to children, and these I have included although he wrote little about them considering how much he thought of them. The stories of French children and American soldiers were not newspaper sentiment. It was just solid fact, solid to the extent of many francs out of a very limited pay that could so easily have been spent for something else.

On the subject of Buddies there is much appreciative writing though in a slightly rougher style. On this subject, I feel hardly qualified to speak. It was a relationship so close, so beyond words, in its way surpassing the love of women. Sweethearts became in time visionary, almost unreal, something put behind you resolutely for the duration; while this was warp and woof of the demanding present. His warmth close to your cold, rain-soaked body was the last grateful thought at night; half of his scanty francs, his food and water were all yours; the grin that stopped the chasing little chills along your spine at zero hour was on his dirty, beard-scarred face, the crashing rifle butt that swept an enemy from your way was his too, and sometimes the broad back that carried you to the stretcher bearers was also his.

There used to be a story whose details I have long ago

forgotten but whose essentials will remain long with me. It was something like this: One of two friends had gone over the top on a raid that had not included the other and as time passed he did not return. The enemy's fire was heavy and gave no opportunity to bring in wounded, but the man left in the trench was not satisfied. He sought his officer asking permission to crawl out into No Man's Land and search. The Lieutenant shook his head, warned him it was hopeless, but as the man persisted, could not deny him. He slipped over the bags, crawled away and was gone. Much later they saw him coming back dragging a heavy body behind him and when he had been pulled into the trench they saw that the two were not to be separated long. As he lay dying in a dugout, the Lieutenant talked to him again. "Was it worth it?" he asked curiously. The answer was slow but unhesitating. "Yes, sir. He said—before—he went—that he knew—I'd—come."

Of actual battle Tommy is more descriptive than Yank. It was our habit to write of actual combat only in a general almost symbolic way. It has in fact been difficult to find sufficient American verse of this kind to be convincing, but *Poppies* and *Through the Wheat* are excellent examples of the American treatment of the subject.

For the rest grousing on any subject is a favorite theme for verse and good description is not lacking. I have tried throughout to be as representative as possible and my omissions are not serious. My only regret in this connection is that it was impractical to use some of the verse from the Field Service that was so appreciative of France and of things French. I have cut down the proportion of camp material about beans and what we are going to do to the Kaiser as somehow no longer of interest. There was quantities of it; and, as I implied above, I have used less of the

sentimental and religious verse than would be in proportion and more of the battle poems.

Let me say again that you cannot judge this poetry by the ordinary standards. It is even a little dangerous to be scornful of these writers. That they have survived the turmoil at all is an argument for worth, and some of the most obviously unskilled authors have earned a certain popularity. In fact the very popularity of poetry among soldiers bids fair to make it anonymous. Through frequent oral repetition the author's name is lost and the Doughboy has made it his own. When a name is set uncompromisingly below the verse, that is the author; if two side by side, the author and the composer; but when it is "by courtesy of" some friend, it was a bit of flotsam and jetsam thrown up by the tide, the gift of some soldier who hooked it out of the sea of oblivion and sent it on to me. In this last case, the author is unknown, to me at least.

It will be well to remember also that in spite of the crudities of some and the over-glibness of a few, we have here the minstrelsy of the last crusade, as dramatic and as valuable as similar scraps from other great tragedies. It was, no doubt, from such fragments that Homer and Vergil built their epics. Or, if you please, it is folk lore, a national literature; and though at times the "feet stand but lamely in the verse" there is something warm and human and vital in them all.

Much of the foregoing would, I think, apply equally to most of the armies engaged in the Great War, but I have had only American troops in mind for it is impossible for me to speak with much knowledge of any others. What little I have to say on the subject of British troops forms part of the opening chapter of the British Section. It has been in-

teresting to compare the war songs of foreign nations also, and to see how distinctly national they are and yet how fundamentally alike, but I have included very few. Aside from the obvious difficulties of collection and foreign copyright, translation of these lyrics is a very complicated matter. When you consider how perplexing it would be to translate *Hinky Dinky* for instance into any foreign language and make it sound reasonable, you will realize some of the difficulties in translating equally colloquial bits of soldier products from other tongues.

The sources of my information are acknowledged throughout. Of them all, the most interesting to me are the *History of the American Field Service,* Vol. III, and *The Stars and Stripes*. In this third volume of the first named are gathered the verse and sketches of the Field Service men themselves, and I know of no literature more absorbing. The Field Service formed our vanguard; for they were in France, you will remember, before their country had declared war. They were not the wisest of our people nor perhaps the greatest, but "these are called adventurers, the men whom God made mad." Their literature is distinct and unlike that of the A.E.F. Each has its own charm. To be quite frank the Field Service was of finer clay. They had a *panache* which Private Smith would not always entirely understand, but the A.E.F. was in its way as admirable and as likeable.

The Stars and Stripes was, of course, the official newspaper of the A.E.F. It was printed in Paris, delivered to the trenches, and written and read practically anywhere in France. It is surely the most extraordinary paper ever printed. The chief charm lies in the unconquerable bubbling youth of it against a background of unyouthful knowledge and experience; but the talent of its editors and the

gay abandon with which they defied all restraints, both military and literary, undoubtedly has much to do with the successful portrayal of the A.E.F. upon its pages. The prose is much better than the verse, but at that the verse was hard to select. There are quantities of it and I am not at all sure that I have always chosen wisely.

I have written this primarily for my own generation, we who were sixteen to thirty back in '17; in short for those who will understand. But I have thought much also of those who were a little younger, the "classes of '20 to '30" who did not understand at all, in spite of a flood of war literature that has been poured out upon them in the last few years. Such afterthoughts gain in perspective and experience and lose the vivid impression of authenticity, the hall-mark of the period. One wonders too, at times, if perhaps some of them are only minority reports being filed with posterity. However that may be, history comes rightly at any time from the men who made it. Yet here you have the war as first recorded by soldiers, hot from the press of battle, concentrated into verse, and its authenticity cannot be questioned. In spite of these advantages, your true soldier's literature, like his conversation, should be listened to with imagination and discernment; for he is from choice a silent chap on such subjects and speaks tersely and with restraint if at all. Men who live superlatives speak in understatements.

I hope, therefore, that you will read even the scraps of doggerel with an effort at understanding. I hope that you will see under the lines the tragedy of it all, the fear that walked with us always, and will sense the lip that quivered while it sang. I want you to realize the stark simplicity of life when the known world is torn from under your feet,

when no one is quite safe and many in deadly peril, when work is toward but one object; when food is poor and uninteresting and taken for its stoking qualities; when barracks, hospitals, and houses must be cold in winter; when clothing is of no consequence except for warmth; when amusement is all but non-existent—there is neither time nor money for it; when to be young, is to be very lonely; and when romance means three days' leave, a long road alone, and often sudden death at the end. These are the results of war for the fortunate and the sheltered. The starvation, the atrocities, the slaughter, I leave to your imagination. All this lies behind the poetry of the period. As for the German atrocities, it is not the place to go into them here. You may judge from this verse that our belief in them was what took the army to France and what made them fight when there. This belief is warp and woof of Great War poetry which is not understandable without it.

I would not have you exalt these poor human chaps of the A.E.F. to plaster sainthood, nor yet scorn them as a group of bloody-minded degenerates. You will see that they slipped too often and in many ways, but you will see too that their many sins (whose provocation will, we hope, never be yours) are covered by the cloak of their great charity, their courage, and their strength. By all means give to every ghastly fact its grisly due. Take all the glitter and the glory from the organized slaughter of the young, but salute very respectfully what no man has ever quite explained in material terms, their great faith, a white fire never quenched by all the mud and blood and filth the shambles could produce, and flaming clear and unflickering throughout the war.

And now the curtain rises and the play begins. Time

1917; scene, the Great War; actors, the Allied Army. We are going back twelve years and more. Can you remember?

The lines are coming up under full equipment, dragging one foot after the other, the rain pouring down as always, the rifle heavy beyond words, young faces haggard in the half light, the pack creaking and chafing as the straps cut wales in the flesh. They are singing. Listen—

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a-growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Through my memory,
Till it seems the world is full of dreams
Just to call you back to me.

CHORUS

There's a long, long trail awinding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams:
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true:
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

All night long I hear you calling,
Calling sweet and low;
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,
Everywhere I go.

Though the road between us stretches
Many a weary mile.
I forget that you're not with me yet,
When I think I see you smile.

CHORUS

STODDARD KING—ZO ELLIOTT.

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NOTE: Written before the war for a college banquet while Mr. Elliott was a senior at Yale. The army made alterations in it to suit their convenience and added a jovial but rather astonishing "Wow!" to the chorus. This was the great love song of the A.E.F., and its popularity is still green after sixteen years for the melody may be had today at any music house.

AMERICAN SECTION

"Lafayette, we are here."

CHAPTER I

ENLISTMENT AND CAMP SONGS

BALLAD OF FRENCH SERVICE

No more to stroll for half a day
Along the careless Avenue,
No more to doze the night away,
Reading of deeds that others do.
Cards, wine, avaunt! Get out! I'm through;
I'm going to drive an ambulance,
A Ford, mind, for a year or two,
Along a shell-swept road in France.

They will not miss me at the play;
The charming Mrs. Pettigrew
Will hold her teas each Saturday
Without much caring what I do.
The class-room and the green-room too
Will get along, so will the dance,
No matter what trials I go through
Along a shell-swept road in France.

J. L., my friend, just now you say—
And you are quite in earnest, too—
"War is stupidity," you say,
And, "It is folly to imbue
A land with hate—" All very true.
But though you call it petulance
Of mine—I feel I'll meet with you
Along a shell-swept road in France.

The publican, the priest, the Jew,
The actor shorn of radiance,
Will go a-marching—so will you—
Along a shell-swept road in France.

M. C., T.M.U. 526.

From "History of the American Field Service."

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NOTE: T.M.U. signifies Transport de matériel (États) Unis, a part of the automobile service that carried ammunition and supplies. *U* officially stood for United States, or American, with the French, as *A* meant Anglais, and might result in confusion. The same applies to S.S.U., another branch of the American Field Service, which stands for Section Sanitaire (États) Unis, the ambulance section.

It has not seemed necessary to explain such army abbreviations generally, for they would have scant interest except to Army men and the military need no explanations; but these are a little unusual.

CAMOUFLAGE

They tell us tales of camouflage,
The art of hiding things;
Of painted forts and bowered guns
Invisible to wings.
Well, it's nothing new to us,
To us, the rank and file;
We understand this camouflage
—We left home with a smile.

We saw the painted battleships
And earthen-colored trains,
And planes the hue of leaden skies
And canvas-hidden lanes.
Well, we used the magic art
That day of anxious fears;
We understand this camouflage
—We laughed away your tears.

They say that scientific men
And artists of renown
Debated long on camouflage
Before they got it down.
Well, it came right off to us,
We didn't have to learn;
We understand this camouflage
—We said we'd soon return.

We understand this camouflage,
This art of hiding things;
It's what's behind a soldier's jokes
And all the songs he sings.
Yes, it's nothing new to us,
To us, the rank and file;
We understand this camouflage
—We left home with a smile.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

AT THE LAVENDER LANTERN

I wonder who is haunting the little snug café,
That place, half restaurant and home, since we have gone away;
The candled dimness, smoke and talk, and tables brown and bare—
But no one thinks of tablecloths when love and laughter's there.

I wonder if it's crowded still, three steps below the street,
Half hidden from the passing town, where even poets eat;
I wonder if the girls still laugh, the girls whose art was play;
I wonder who the fellows are that try to make them gay.

Some said it was Bohemia, this little haunt we knew,
Where hearts were high and fortunes low, and onions in the stew,
I wonder if it's still the same, the after dinner ease—
Bohemia is in the heart, and hearts are overseas.

Oh, great were all the problems that we settled there, with wine,
And fates of many nations were disposed of, after nine,
But France has braved a fate that brought us swarming to her shore—
I wonder who is sitting at the table near the door.

I wonder who is haunting the little snug café,
That place, half restaurant and home, since we have gone away;
I wonder if they miss me, I don't suppose they do,
As long as there are art and girls, and onions in the stew.

CHARLES DIVINE.

From "City Ways and Company Streets," Moffat, Yard & Co., Boston. Reprinted by special permission of the author.
"City Ways and Company Streets" is now out of print and copies are not available.

The following songs, with all other popular songs in this book that were written and published professionally, are still so well known that I have made no individual notes concerning the music. Most of them appear in this chapter and are represented by their chorus words only. Such material could not, of course, be included in its entirety without injuring the copyright owners. It has, however, been quite unnecessary to do so, for the choruses serve as a "catalog" to remind you of your old favorites, and almost all of them are still readily procurable—if not from the retailers, then by ordering directly from the publishers. Nevertheless, a collection of this sheet music already has an historical

and sentimental interest; for these songs must soon be out of print and the music is, if possible, even more reminiscent than the words.

You will find a few, a very few, notable omissions. They could not be procured for reprint. The most important of these are *Long Boy, Joan of Arc,* and *The Last Long Mile. The Last Long Mile* presents a rather interesting international tangle, for it was written by an American at Plattsburg, one Emil Breitenfeld of Company 17. It was copyrighted however by T. B. Harms, at that time the American agent for the British firm of Francis, Day and Hunter. The London firm have now no record of ownership but Chappell-Harms of New York seem to have it. I am not sure where a copy may be found except that it appears in the old Army and Navy song books issued by the government back in war days.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

CHORUS

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you.
Then the skies will seem more blue,
Down in lover's lane, my dearie,
Wedding bells will ring so merrily.
Ev'ry tear will be a memory,
So wait and pray each night for me,
Till we meet again.

RAYMOND EGAN—RICHARD WHITING.

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WHEN DAY IS DONE

I have eaten a bale
Of spinach and kale,

And I've never raised a row.
I have swallowed a can
Of moistened bran
And I feel like a brindle cow.
I am taking a snack
From the old haystack
In the evening shadows gray.
And I'm glad, you bet,
At last to get
To the end of a wheatless day.

From *The Washington Star.*

This is one of the very few civilian efforts that I have included. I should like to have used one other, but had no clue to the author or publisher. It was a classic similar to this and well known at the time. It began:

My Tuesdays are meatless
My Wednesdays are wheatless
My meals grow more eatless each day;

I regret the necessity of excluding it, for it was one of the few bright spots in '17 and '18.

THE RAW RECRUIT FROM OLD MIZZOO

A raw recruit from old Mizzoo enlisted in the ranks.
They slipped some khaki breeches upon his spindle shanks.
Then, all dressed up, he went to woo Mirandy down the way,
And when she cut the little curl, this raw recruit did say:

"Aw, gimme a kiss, Mirandy, 'cause I'm goin' over there.
I need a little bracer now, besides a lock of hair,
I know you're not the slacker kind, you've got the goods for fair.
So gimme a kiss, Mirandy, 'cause I'm goin' over there."

Mirandy hung her pretty head and gave a little sigh;
Her boy was goin' to fight in France and mebbe for to die.
She puckered up her lips and said, "I'll do my little bit,"
And when she let him have a kiss he didn't want to quit.

By courtesy of Ronnie Tullis.

Undeniably American I should say, but, oddly enough, I came by it through the kindness of an English girl who was in the Red Cross. It ends so abruptly that I wonder if I have it all.

GOOD-BYE, BROADWAY, HELLO, FRANCE

CHORUS

Good-bye, Broadway, Hello, France!
We're ten million strong,
Good-bye, sweethearts, wives and mothers,
It won't take us long.
Don't you worry while we're there,
It's for you we're fighting too,
So Good-bye, Broadway, Hello, France!
We're going to square our debt to you.

FRANCIS REISNER and BENNY DAVIS—
BILLY BASKETTE.

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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

CHORUS

Where do we go from here, boys,
Where do we go from here?
Slip a pill to Kaiser Bill and make him shed a tear;

And when we see the enemy we'll shoot him in the rear,
Oh, joy, oh, boy,
Where do we go from here?

HOWARD JOHNSON—PERCY WENRICH.

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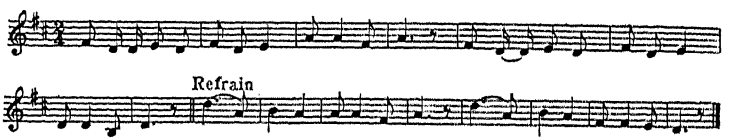
LI'L LIZA JANE



I'se got a gal and you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane,
I'se got a gal and you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane.

CHORUS

Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane
Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane.

Come, my love, and marry me, etc.
I will take good care of thee, etc.

Liza Jane done come to me, etc.
Both as happy as can be, etc.

House and lot in Baltimo', etc.
Lots of chiluns roun' de do', etc.

COUNTESS ADA DE LACHAU.

Words and melody used by permission of the publishers, Sherman, Clay & Company, San Francisco. Copyright 1916.

An old song revived in the camps here. There are more stanzas than I have given, but these four were included in the army song

books. If you are not familiar with this ballad, the first word of the chorus may strike you as peculiar, but for actual singing it represents much of the charm of the song. For the best effect, a large group is needed, and then you sing the *"Oh"* fortissimo and and slide down gracefully on the added *"e"* to the next note—with great effect and much satisfaction to the performers, if not to the audience.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

CHORUS

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile,
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style,
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

GEORGE ASAF—FELIX POWELL.

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I had always supposed this to be British and still feel it has the characteristics, but I am creditably informed that George Asaf is an American.

I AIN'T GOT WEARY YET

CHORUS

But I ain't got weary yet,
No, I ain't got weary yet,
Been digging in the trenches all day long,
All the time I'm singing this song,
'Cause I ain't got weary yet,
And I never will, you bet!

Why, all the French girls that I see
Beg to sit right on my knee.
Well, if that's war it just suits me,
And I ain't got weary yet!

EXTRA LINES

Now, if I'm wounded by a shell,
Some nice nurse will make me well,
And still they say that war is Hell,
All the time I'm singing this song,
'Cause I ain't got weary yet,
And I never will, you bet!
Though I've been wounded in this fight,
Shot at sunrise, gassed at night,
Outside of that I feel all right,
And I ain't got weary yet!

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K-K-K-KATY

CHORUS

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore,
When the m-m-m-moon shines over the cow-shed
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

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K-K-K-K.P.

K-K-K-K.P.
Dirty old K.P.
That's the only army job that I abhor,
When the m-moon shines over the guardhouse,
I'll be mopping up the k-k-k-kitchen floor.

C-C-C-COOTIE

C-C-C-Cootie,
Horrible cootie,
You're the only b-b-bug that I abhor,
When the m-moon shines over the bunkhouse,
I will scratch my b-b-b-back until it's sore.

From "Songs of the Service."

GIVE ME A KISS BY THE NUMBERS

CHORUS

Give me a kiss by the numbers,
I want to do things in a military way,
I used to kiss without any thought of cadence,
And oh! oh! what pleasure I used to give the maidens;
But it's different, oh! so diff'rent
Since they put a uniform on me,
So,
Give me a kiss by the numbers,
In cadence, one, two, three.

LIEUTENANT JOS. F. TROUNSTINE, U.S.N.

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WE'LL KNOCK THE HELIGO INTO HELIGO OUT OF HELIGOLAND

CHORUS

We're on our way to Heligoland to get the Kaiser's goat,
In a good old Yankee boat, up the Kiel canal we'll float,
I'm a son-of-a-gun if I see a Hun,
I'll make him understand,
We'll knock the Heligo,
Into Heligo,
Out of Heligoland, Yip!

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It will be remembered that Heligoland was an island which was heavily fortified and protected the entrance to the Kiel Canal, Germany's greatest naval base.

GOOD MORNING, MR. ZIP

CHORUS

Good morning, Mister Zip, Zip, Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as mine,
Good morning, Mister Zip, Zip, Zip,
You're certainly lookin' fine,
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
If the Camels don't get you the Fatimas must.
Good morning, Mister Zip, Zip, Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as,—
Your hair cut just as short as,—
Your hair cut just as short as mine.

Words and melody ascribed to PRIVATE HOGAN.

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This from Fort Niagara.

CASTLE ON THE RIVER RHINE

CHORUS

I'm goin' to build a castle on the River Rhine
I'm goin' to have one hell of a time,
Inlaid pretzels on the floor,
German butler meets me at the door;
Goin' to eat my Christmas dinner in the town of Berlin,
Served by a Princess Hohenzollern;
And I'll hang my pants on the Hindenburg Line
In my castle on the river,
On the little river,
Castle on the River Rhine.

From "Songs of the Service."

Based on *My Castle on the Nile,* published by Joseph W. Stern.

SMILES

CHORUS

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the tear drops,
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender meaning,
That the eyes of love alone may see,
And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

J. WILL CALLAHAN—LEE S. ROBERTS.

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THE ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND

CHORUS

There's a rose that grows on "No Man's Land,"
And it's wonderful to see.
Though it's sprayed with tears, it will live for years,
In my garden of memory.
It's the one red rose the soldier knows;
It's the work of the Master's hand,
'Mid the war's great curse stands the Red Cross Nurse,
She's the rose of "No Man's Land."

JACK CADDIGAN—JAMES A. BRENNAN.

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UNCLE SAMMY, HE'S GOT THE INFANTRY

TUNE—*The Old Gray Mare*

Uncle Sammy, he's got the infantry,
He's got the cavalry,
He's got artillery,
And so, by gosh, we'll all go to Germany,
Good-bye, Kaiser Bill.
Good-bye, Kaiser Bill, Good-bye, Kaiser Bill,
Uncle Sammy, he's got the infantry,
He's got the cavalry, he's got artillery,
And so, by gosh, we'll all go to Germany,
Good-bye, Kaiser Bill.

From "Songs of the Service for the American Legion."

The Old Gray Mare is a very useful tune and was used hard by the A.E.F. If you prefer you can sing to it, "The Doggone Kaiser ain't what he used to be twenty years ago."

THE M.O.T.C.

TUNE—*The Coda to Our Director March*

We are the boys of Ashburne, roughnecks to the core,
Forgetting that we're doctors, we'd like to drill much more—
Oh, yes, like hell we would!
Our Fords are all in hock-shop, our 'scopes and bougies too,
Keeping the line boys out of hell is what we do.

Originated at Fort Benjamin Harrison. By permission of the *American Legion Monthly*.

SIGNAL CORPS SONG

TUNE—*The Old Gray Mare*

Oh! Uncle Sammy, he needs the Signal Corps,
Wigwag and semaphore,
He gets them by the score;
And then, by jing, we're off for a foreign shore,
Good-bye, Kaiser Bill!

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly*.

MARINE CORPS

TUNE—*Washington and Lee College song*

When the Marine Corps boys they hit that line
They're going o'er the top and cross the Rhine,
And for Liberty they'll fight like hell,
For the dear old U. S. A. they'll die as well.
And then they'll scrap, scrap, scrap for every mile
Go on to Berlin with a smile;
And they'll bury the Kaiser 'neath the sod—

Yes, by—
U. S. Marines.

Co. B., M. G. B'N.
4th Brigade U.S.M.C.

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly.*

This I am informed was "written by some lowly private at Paris Island."

DON'T SEND ME HOME

TUNE—*Don't Take Me Home*

Don't send me home, please don't send me home
Tell me, where did I make that break?
Oh, Oh, Oh, have a little pity.
I'm a poor candidate, in search of war I roam.
I'll do anything you want me to, but don't send me home.

FIRST AND SECOND PROVISIONAL TRAINING REGIMENTS,
Plattsburg, N. Y.

From "Rookie Rhymes."
Published by Harper & Bros.

This is the lament of the officer candidate, of course.

THE ENGINEERS SONG

Come all you gallant soldiers and the story you shall hear,
Of the trials and tribulations of an Army Engineer:

Like every honest soldier, he took his whiskey clear,
Till General Scott said, "You shall not touch whiskey, wine or beer."

CHORUS

He's a helluva, helluva, helluva, helluvan Engineer,
A rambling skate from any old state, and nothing does he fear,
He tried to do his duty and he tried to do it well,
But the captain and the sergeant and the corporal gave him hell.

They took him on the parade ground, to march, to rush, to crawl,
The first was bad, the next was worse, the last was worst of all.
He bruised his belly on a tack, he tore it on a nail,
He'd have made a damned good lizard if he'd only had a tail.

They took him to the rifle range to learn to fire at will,
The aiming and the trigger squeeze, the enemy to kill,
His rifle kicked him in the jaw—he missed the bull a mile,
For the chow shack is the only place that he shows any style.

The doctor looked him over and the doctor grinned with glee,
"A shot in the arm will do no harm, bring on my large squeegee."
With fifty million typhoid bugs patrolling through his blood,
They shot in fifty million more, and then his name was MUD.

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly*.

The *Son of a Gambolier* was a favorite tune with the A.E.F. and has a number of "lyrics" set to it. Of course the melody is old. I imagine that the words given in *Pious Friends and Drunken Companions* are as near an original set as you will be likely to find. It was used years ago by the G.A.R. for a song about the "Loyal, loyal, loyal, loyal Legioner" and has grown old and gray in the service of college students. Before the war there was a more modern version that ran—

"A rambling wreck from Poly Tech and a helluvan Engineer"

which gives this song a good start.

It is amusing to notice that the original lines regarding the original gentleman's habits in the matter of whiskey neat appear almost unfailingly in all parodies, and often those about his preference for lager beer as well—not to mention that his being "a rambling wreck," due perhaps to the habits aforementioned, also strikes the popular fancy enough to appear pretty regularly.

Incidentally some doughboy has written "to the tune of *A Son of a Gun for Beer.*" Is that a gentle jest or have I overlooked another parody?

OUR HITCH IN HELL

Every day and night I'm thinking of the things I left behind,
Yet I loathe to put on paper what is running through my mind
But I think I'll feel much better; so I guess I'll take a chance,
Ere the regiment is ordered to the shores of sunny France.

We've dug a million trenches and cleared ten miles of ground,
And a meaner place this side of Hell, I know has ne'er been found,

We've drilled in dust and scorching sun, in mud and driving rain,
Till our eyes and ears and legs and arms were yelling loud with pain.
But there's still one consolation, gather closely while I tell,
When we die we're bound for Heaven, 'cause we've done our hitch in Hell.

We've built a thousand mess halls for the cooks to stew our beans,
We've stood a hundred guard mounts, and cleaned the camp latrines,
We've washed a million mess kits, and peeled a million spuds,
We've rolled a million blanket rolls and washed a million duds,
The number of parades we've made is awfully hard to tell,
But we'll not parade in Heaven, for we paraded here in Hell.

We've passed a million sleepless hours upon our army cots,
And shook a hundred centipedes from out our army socks,
We've marched a hundred thousand miles and made a thousand camps,
And pulled a million cacti thorns from out our army pants,
So when our work on earth is done, our friends behind will tell,
"When they died they went to went to Heaven, 'cause they did their hitch in Hell."

The slum and coffee we have cussed, likewise the Willie canned,
We've damned the gentle gusts of wind that filled the air with sand.

We've taken the injections, ten million germs or more,
And the vaccine scratched upon our arms has made them very sore,
With all these things to get our goats, we all are here to tell,
When the order comes to cross the pond we'll give the Germans Hell.

When the final taps is sounded and we lay aside life's cares,
And we do the last and gloried parade, on Heaven's shining stairs,
And the angels bid us welcome and the harps begin to play
We can draw a million canteen checks and spend them in a day.
It is then we'll hear St. Peter tell us loudly with a yell
"Take a front seat, you soldier men, you've done your hitch in Hell."

F. B. CAMP.

From "American Soldier Ballads."
Reprinted by special permission of George Rice and Sons, Los Angeles, owners of the copyright.

COAST ARTILLERY SONG

TUNE—*The Son of a Gambolier*

Oh, they said the Coast Artillery would never go to war;
And all that they were fit for was to hang around the shore,
But when in France they needed men to shoot the tens and twelves,
Why, they cabled to the President to send our loyal selves.

CHORUS

Then it's home, boys, home, it's home that we would be,
It's home, boys, home when the nation shall be free
We're in this war until it ends, and Germany will see
That the end of all the Kaiser's hopes is the Coast Artillery.

When British Tommies took the field to stop the bar'brous
Hun,
They found their light artillery was beaten gun for gun,
So Marshal French got on the wire and quickly told the king
That the Garrison Artillery would be the only thing.

[CHORUS]

So limber up the sixes and the tens and other ones,
And bracket on the O.T. line until you get the Huns
There may be many plans and schemes, to set this old world
free,
But you'll find in ev'ry one a part for Coast Artillery.

[CHORUS]

"Army Song Book," Washington.

THE MARINES' HYMN

The Marines' Hymn with the following eight other songs did not of course originate in the Great War. They are all old soldier favorites that were promptly taken over from the R.A. men and appropriated and revised by the A.E.F. while in camp. They are not by any means to be regarded as the only songs so revived, but a great many of the others had had their origin in particular occasions and were not so readily applicable—for example, such songs as the *Philippine Hombre, There's Many a Man Been Murdered in Luzon,* or that dainty little gem, *Damn, damn, damn the Insurrectoes.*

THE MARINES' HYMN

From the halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles
On the land as on the sea.
First to fight for right and freedom

And to keep our honor clean.
We are proud to claim the title
Of United States Marine.

From the pest hole of Cavite
To the ditch of Panama,
You will find them very needy
Of Marines—that's what we are;
We're the watch dogs of a pile of coal
Or we dig a magazine,
Though he lends a hand at every job
Who would not be a Marine?

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun,
We have fought in every clime or place
Where we could get a gun;
In the snow of far off Northern lands
And in sunny tropic scenes,
You will find us always on the job—
The United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our Corps
Which we are proud to serve,
In many a strife we have fought for life
And never lost our nerve;
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets are guarded by
The United States Marines.

From "The Book of Navy Songs."

Reprinted by permission of Doubleday, Doran and Company, the publishers; of The Trident Society, of Annapolis; and of Mrs. Henry C. Davis, whose late husband, Col. Davis, U.S.M.C., was the author of all but the first stanza. The origin of the first stanza is unknown.

WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

We're in the army now
We're not behind the plow.
We'll never get rich,
We'll get the itch.
We're in the army now.

By courtesy of Richard Rolph. Formerly of Troop B, First Michigan Cavalry, U.S.N.G.

We're in the trenches now,
The slacker milks the cow;
And the son of a Hun
Must skeedaddle and run,
For we're in the trenches now.
From *The Stars and Stripes.*

This is a bugle corps march and soldier chorus, consisting of but four notes. It is an old soldier favorite that reappeared in this war with such *éclat* that it stands second only to Hinky Dinky in importance. The verses are, I believe, numerous but disreputable. These two are the only ones that I could unearth that can appear in the semi-respectability of print.

The following bit of verse is included here because it is along such similar lines and was evidently inspired by the great original.

THERE'S A REASON

No more ham or eggs or grapefruit when the bugle blows for chow,
No more apple pie or dumplings, for we're in the army now;

And they feed us beans for breakfast, and at noon we have 'em too;
While at night they fill our tummies with a good old army stew.

No more shirts of silk or linen. We all wear the o.d. stuff.
No more night shirts or pyjamas, for our pants are good enough.
No more feather ticks or pillows, but we're glad to thank the Lord
We've got a cot and blanket when we might just have a board.

For they feed us beans for breakfast, and at noon we have 'em too;
While at night they fill our stomachs with a good old army stew.
But, by gum, we'll lick the Kaiser when the sergeants teach us how,
For, dad burn it, he's the reason that we're in the army now!

From *The Pittsburgh Post.*

CAISSON SONG

Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail,
And the Caissons go rolling along,
In and out, hear them shout, counter march and right about,
And the Caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS

Then it's hi! hi! hee! in the field artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong
Where e'er you go, you will always know,

That the Caissons are rolling along,
[*Shouted*] Keep them rolling!
And those Caissons go rolling along.

In the storm, in the night, action left or action right,
See the Caissons go rolling along.
Limber front, limber rear, prepare to mount your cannoneer,
And the Caissons go rolling along.

[CHORUS]

Then it's hi! hi! hee! in the field artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong
Where e'er you go, you will always know,
That the Caissons are rolling along.
[*Shouted*] Keep them rolling!
And those Caissons go rolling along.
Batt'ry Halt!

Adapted and arranged by ROBERT LLOYD.

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PASSING IT ALONG

The Colonel calls the Major when he wants something done,
And the Major calls the Captain, and starts him on the run.
The Captain then gets busy, and tries to make it suit
By shifting all the baggage on a Shave Tail Second Lieut.
The said Lieutenant ponders and strokes his downy jaw,
Then calls a trusty sergeant and to him lays down the law.
The sergeant calls a corporal, explains how it must be,
Then the corporal calls a private, and that poor private's Me.

From *The American Sentinel.*

SLUMGULLION SONG

Today is Monday, today is Monday,
Monday is slumgullion;
All you hungry brothers,
We wish the same to you.

Tuesday, string beans.
Wednesday, soup.
Thursday, roast beef.
Friday, fish.
Saturday, pay day.
Sunday, church.

From "Songs of the Service for the American Legion."

FOR HER LOVER FAR AWAY

Round her neck she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in the winter and the merry month of May,
When they asked her why she always wore it,
She said 'twas for her lover who was far, far, away.

CHORUS

Far away,
Far away,
For she wore it for her lover who was far away.
Far away,
Far away,
For she wore it for her lover who was far, far, away.

From "Ye A.E.F. Hymnal."

By permission of Henry Mayers.

This may be varied by a scarlet or purple ribbon worn about the wrist or knee. It is also better form to sing "*fur* away." Feist

published the tune to this with similar words at one time, under the title of *Round Her Neck She Wears a Yellow Ribbon.*

THE INFANTRY, THE INFANTRY

TUNE—*The Son of a Gambolier*

The Infantry, the Infantry, with the dirt behind their ears,
The Infantry, the Infantry, they can't get any beers;
The Cavalry, the Artillery and the bloomin' Engineers
Why, they couldn't lick the Infantry in a hundred thousand years.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

This is as adapted for the altered conditions of a dry army. The original ran, I think,

The Infantry, the Infantry, with mud behind their ears,
They'll lick their weight in wildcats and they'll drink their weight in beers.

Etc. etc.

There is also a variant of this in the Navy called *Why, O Why,* if my memory serves me. The tune is different but quite as good. It is the first part of a song popular in the South during the Civil War called the *Bonny Blue Flag.*

The Infantry version has a marked rhythmic beat that makes its popularity as a marching song no cause for wonder, and of course it travelled overseas with the troops. There was a rather striking illustration of this popularity, even under difficulties, when about the middle of January, 1918, the first American infantry started for the front, under the most disheartening of weather conditions. It was four degrees below freezing, a nasty wind was blowing, and a cold rain fell. The road was a sheet of ice and it was so nearly impossible to keep a footing on it that there was no attempt to keep step, and men fell repeatedly both singly and in bunches along the way. They were carrying full sixty pounds of equip-

ment and a rifle, but after nine miles of it they came in singing and what they sang—whether they could march to it or not—was

The Infantry, the Infantry, with mud behind their ears
The Infantry, the Infantry—

ALL WE DO IS SIGN THE PAYROLL

TUNE—*The Old Gray Mare*

All we do is sign the payroll,
All we do is sign the payroll,
All we do is sign the payroll,
And we never get a gol-dern cent!

First they make us make allotments,
Then they make us take insurance,
Then they fine us in court-martial,
So we never get a gol-dern cent!

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

A very old timer adjusted to the new war. This is a favorite army theme differently developed in different songs. Grousing directly *to* an officer is not a healthy practice but many a marching song is a serenade of complaint to the Brass Hats rendered with vigor and usually with no unfortunate results to the singers. It may be remarked incidentally that a good officer learns early when to hear what is shouted in his ear and when to be quite oblivious.

Here is another one along similar lines which will be found adaptable to any branch of the service.

PAY SONG

TUNE—*The Old Gray Mare*

Oh, Uncle Sammy, he pays the Infantry,
He pays the Cavalry, he pays the Artillery.

And then, by gosh, he closes the Treasury—
To Hell with the Engineers.

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly*.

TO THE RESERVE CAVALRY

TUNE—*The Infantry, the Infantry, with Mud Behind Their Ears*

The Cavalry, the Cavalry, they haven't any horse,
They're taking riding lessons by a correspondence course,
You'd think they were equestrians to hear the way they talk,
But when it comes to riding, why! We always see them walk.

The Cavalry, the Cavalry, are marching down the street,
The Cavalry, the Cavalry, with blisters on their feet.
The Artillery is mounted now and ready for the course;
But we never see the Cavalry with any kind of horse.

THE MEN OF THE FIRST AND SECOND
PROVISIONAL TRAINING REGIMENTS,
PLATTSBURG, NEW YORK.

From "Rookie Rhymes."
Published by Harper & Bros.

THE FLU

When your back is broke and your eyes are blurred,
And your shin bones knock and your tongue is furred,
And your tonsils squeak and your hair gets dry,
And you're doggone sure you're going to die,
But you're skeered you won't and afraid you will,
Just drag to bed and have your chill,
And pray the Lord to see you through,
For you've got the Flu, boy, you've got the Flu.

When your toes curl up and your belt goes flat,
And you're twice as mean as a Thomas cat.
And life is a long and dismal curse,
And your food all tastes like a hard-boiled hearse,
When your lattice aches and your head's a-buzz,
And nothing is as it ever was,
You've got the Flu, boy, you've got the Flu.

What is it like, this Spanish Flu?
Ask me, brother, for I've been through;
It is by Misery out of Despair,
It pulls your teeth and curls your hair,
It thins your blood and brays your bones,
And fills your craw with moans and groans.
And sometimes, maybe, you get well.
Some call it Flu, I call it hell.

From the *Dodge City Journal.*

Reprinted in *The American Sentinel,* Archangel, Russia.

I'VE DONE MY BIT ON THE BORDER

. . . . . .

I've eaten the dirt of Texas
  I've drank of the Rio Grande
I've grubbed mesquite in the cursed heat,
  (The Lord never made the land!)

. . . . . .

I've eaten my meals with reptiles
  I've quartered with bugs galore—
In the land where things all are made with stings
  From the trees to the rug on the floor.

I've dug in the blasted trenches,
The air was a hundred hells—
I've charged in the jungled cactus,
To the music of rebel yells.

I've carried a pack in the jungle
Till it cut me down to the blood;
I've sweltered and lay a thing of clay
In a slithering swamp of mud.

. . . . . .

I've done my bit on the border,
I've had my fill of the same;
But I wouldn't trade the friends I've made
For all I've lost in the game.

I've had my fill of the border,
Of greasers and border men.
I've done my bit and I stand to quit
And never take on again.

. . . . . .

And I'll yearn to go—with a burning yearn
That only the soldier feels;
To slave and sweat in the heat and wet,
To straighten and click my heels.

But I've done my bit on the border,
And now, thank God, I'm free—
Although I know, when the bugles blow,
They'll have a call for me.

20TH AERO SQUADRON.

OVER THERE

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word to beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't be back till it's over, over there!

Words and music by GEORGE M. COHAN.

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The great popularity of *Over There* both during the war and since is too well known to require comment, but I might remind you in this connection that, when the American troops were coming up to engage the enemy at Château-Thierry, the first the French knew of their advance was that they heard them singing as they marched:

The Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming
And we won't come back till it's over, over here.

Perhaps the poilus failed to understand the words, but doubtless they knew quite well what lay behind the song. At any rate, they were left in no doubt when the Marines charged.

CHAPTER II

THE SEA AND THE NAVY

The Navy is not so well represented as one might expect, for the Navy produces comparatively few songs. This is due to the fact that group singing cannot, in the nature of things nautical, be indulged in very often and it is group singing that produces the barrack ditties and marching songs of the Army. On the other hand, what the Navy has composed is likely to be more contemplative and better thought out than the average soldier's efforts. Night watches in comparative solitude account for this no doubt. The Army has little to offer to compare with *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea, The Countersigns* and others. The former is of course an old song, not at all of this period, but the Navy on the whole clings to its old songs and its classics, with occasional additions, endure from generation to generation. We even hark back to the British influence and still have *High Barbaree* and *Blow the Man Down* as well as the *Ballad of the Midshipmite.* I could mention many old favorites but they have all been gathered together elsewhere, and it has seemed unnecessary to include here much more than the new songs from this war.

SEA STUFF

Now I'm a soldier, so I ain't
  No hand at art, but say
There's things at sea I'd like to paint
  Before I'm tucked away.

A cruiser on the sunrise track,
  Alert to find the morn,
With every funnel belching black
  Into the red gold dawn;

A line o' transports, crazy lined,
On blue green waves adance
That sink their bows, all spray and dewed
Hellbootin' it for France.

A manned gun peerin' out to port
As evenin' shadows close;
Beyond, a ship slipped up and caught
Against a cloud of rose;

A crow's nest loomin' from below
Across the Milk Way's bars,
Just like a cradle rockin' slow
And sung to by the stars.

No, I can't paint the things I've seen
While we were passin' by
But all the same, they sure have been
Worth lookin' at, say I.

PRIVATE STEWART EMERY, Co. "A." M.P.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*
At Sea.

JACKIE'S BIT

It's black as the gates of sheol, there's never a bit of light,
And the crow's nest sways, and the wind's in the stays as we buck through a dirty night;
The deck is a pitching platform, the hold is a heaving sink
While the phosphor sparks wash by in the dark like a necklace link on link.

It's a rotten time for a murder by a Hun or a U-boat crew
But never you fret that you'll wake up wet, for the Navy'll see you through!

With two keen, clean guns to starboard and a fancy pair to port,
And a five to stern and good ammo to burn, we are primed for a bit of sport.
There's a wind-browned gun crew Jackie to left and right at each bore,
Who will nudge the shield of a piece full heeled, till we raise the coast we're for.
Not a deck but is cleared for action, not a post but a look-out's there,
So if Fritz should lurk for his blackguard work, he'd a dam-sight well take care.

When the hold is tiered with khaki, by raider and storm and mine,
It's the sailor's show, up aloft and below, to ferry us over the brine.
No trace of a fuss, or flurry, they handle the whole parade,
And steer the jaunt past the subbies' haunt, still beating the old blockade.
All the run of the foam-fringed sea trail as the troopship toys with fate
Let the soldier sleep on the snare-set deep while the Jackie guards his mate.

STEWART M. EMERY, A.E.F.

From *The Stars and Stripes*
At Sea.

THE SUBMARINE PATROL

TUNE—*The Son of a Gambolier*

She's a rambling, rolling, rumbling bum of a submarine patrol,
She'll make you wish you hadn't come, whenever she starts to roll;
But be-lieve me, she'll keep the sea, until we've swept it clean
And Davie Jones is picking the bones of the very last submarine.

U.S.S. "Chingachgook" and "Elco 7."

NAVY FRAGMENT

Clear from Bantry Bay to Dover
Sink the —— German rover;
Clear from Bantry Bay to Dover
With the Queenstown Yank Flotilla.

This was sung on land at Queenstown.

THE LONG COURSE

TUNE—*The Long Trail*

There's a long, long course a-winding,
Into the old Kiel Canal,
Where the Kaiser's fleet is hiding
And where we must go.

There'll be many weary watches,
Until our dreams all come true;

Till the day when we can show them what
The Yank Flotilla can do.

All by permission of the *American Legion Monthly.*

All of these are, I believe, from the two submarine patrols mentioned above.

SIMS'S FLOTILLA

TUNE—Based on *The Son of a Gambolier*

On April sixth in 'seventeen,
Our warlike ire arose,
A fighting man is what we need,
So Admiral Sims was chose,
He came into the British Isles,
And viewed the "Sub" campaign,
Just send my old torpedo boats,
Right back to me again!

CHORUS

You can talk about your battleships,
Cruisers, scouts and all,
You can talk about the Fritzies
Who ran cruising for a fall,
You can take all your Coast Guard,
It's home they have to be,
But Sims's Flotilla is
The terror of the sea!

. . . . .

We sail the seas and drop the cans,
To keep old Fritzy down,
We ram and shoot and camouflage,
To get the dirty hound.

When he floods his ballast tanks,
To get him safely home,
He hears these words come roaring down,
Into his microphone—

[CHORUS]

From "The Book of Navy Songs."

Reprinted by special permission of The Trident Society, and of Doubleday, Doran and Company.

Only the first and last stanzas are here given. The other six consist of descriptions of men and ships.

"Sims's Flotilla" refers, of course, to the fact that Vice Admiral Sims commanded our forces in the anti-submarine campaigns.

SONG OF THE OFFICERS' TORPEDO CLASS

TUNE—*Famous King of England*

A salty bunch of Ensigns, we, from the great Atlantic Fleet,
And we're here to learn the reason why a valve must have a seat;
To learn about the whale and make the Hun beat a retreat,
And we'll do it with the damned old steam torpedo.
We're here to savvy all about the tricky gyro gear,
And to understand the way to make a Bliss torpedo steer;
To study lubrication and some other things not clear,
In the composition of the steam torpedo.

With nuts and bolts and ratchet wheels we wrestle all day long;
And the hydrostatic piston which must never function wrong;
The pinion gears, the checking pawls, and pallets that belong

To the complicated Navy steam torpedo.
We do not get much money but we have a lot of fun,
Every day we have two smoking lamps and we cork off in the sun,
We have a damn good motto, "Study hard to beat the Hun,"
And we'll do it with the speedy steam torpedo.
From "The Book of Navy Songs."

Reprinted by permission of The Trident Society and of Doubleday, Doran and Company.

A "whale" is a torpedo and the gyro gear is a device that automatically steers the torpedo after it has been fired.

THE OLD DESTROYER SQUADRON

TUNE—*The Armored Cruiser Squadron* or *Away with Rum*

The Admiral walks his quarterdeck,
When he sees our ship he says, "By heck,
Here comes that ancient rambling wreck,
From the old destroyer squadron."

The Skipper's good for forty rounds,
In port he rides behind the hounds,
But on the ship he can't be found,
In the old destroyer squadron.

Our young "Exec" with anxious brow,
Walks the deck and says as how
The sleeveless undershirts must go,
In the old destroyer squadron.

Our Navigator's full of tar,
He shoots the truck light for a star,
And wonders where the hell we are,
In the old destroyer squadron.

Our Gunnery Officer's full of pluck,
He aims the guns and trusts to luck,
He knows dam' well he'll pass the buck,
In the old destroyer squadron.

Our first Luff is very gruff,
When coming to anchor he chucks a bluff,
And hopes the Bo's'n will do his stuff,
In the old destroyer squadron.

And when our ship has rung her knell,
And dropped the hook at the gates of hell,
The Skipper he'll say, "Very well,"
In the old destroyer squadron.

From "The Book of Navy Songs."

Reprinted by permission of The Trident Society and of Doubleday, Doran and Company.

TORPEDO JIM

CHORUS

Torpedo Jim, with an eye like an eagle,
Torpedo Jim, with a wart on his nose,
Torpedo Jim was a dog of the ocean,
There was brine on his whiskers and salt on his clothes.

Torpedo Jim was a "K" boat commander,
Torpedo Jim, with a face like a file,
Torpedo Jim ate a horseshoe for breakfast,
And when danger was near him, that's the time he could smile.

Torpedo Jim hit her right in the middle,
Torpedo Jim had an eye that was true,
Torpedo Jim sent that cargo to Hades,
For he knew that the devil liked sourkrout too.

Torpedo Jim was as meek as a baby,
Torpedo Jim had to run for his life,
Torpedo Jim was the salt of the ocean,
But tough as he was, he was afraid of his wife.

ROGER LEWIS—JIMMIE MONACO.

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THE ROOKIE

When you are a rookie, an' most o' the crew
Are natcherly makin' a goat out o' you;
The ship is unsteady—an' you are too sick
To turn to an' swing up your bloomin' hammick—
Jest break out a blanket an' roll up on deck—
Don't mind if some lubber does step on your neck—
You've joined the outfit, so show 'em your grit;
Buck up an' be happy—you're doin' your bit.

When letters from home are all trembly an' blue,
An' matters back there are discouraging you;
When the pages are blurred, for the tears in the way,
Jest up with your neck'ch'f an' brush 'em away,
Then roll up the makin's—forget what has been—
An' mosey up for'ard where the gang is, an' grin.
You're only a rookie, but shoulder your kit;
Buck up an' be happy—you're doin' your bit.

If your ship is torpedoed an' sinks like a lead,
An' half the crew's wounded—the other half dead—
You're all shot to pieces, an' somewhere in France
You're laid up in bed, an' your life is all chance,
Why think of the glory of *jest bein' there!*
Your shattered old leg it will do for a pair—
An' you were in range or you wouldn't 'a' got hit—
So buck up—be happy—you're doin' your bit.

BURT F. JENNESS
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. Navy.

From "Man O' War Rhymes."
By special permission of the Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, owners of the copyright.

A CAPITAL SHIP

A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the Walloping Window Blind!
No wind that blew dismayed her crew
Or troubled the captain's mind;
The man at the wheel was made to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow,
Tho' it often appeared when the gale had cleared,
That he'd been in his bunk below!

CHORUS

Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho!
A-roving I will go!
I'll stay no more on England's shore,
So let the music play-ay-ay!
I'm off for the morning train;
I'll cross the raging main!
I'm off to my love with a boxing glove,
Ten thousand miles away!

The bo'swain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement, too;
He played hopscotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain, he tickled the crew!
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after ra-a-ail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots,
In the teeth of the booming gale!

[CHORUS]

The captain sat on the commodore's hat
And dined, in a royal way,
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gunnery bread each day.
And the cook was Dutch, and behaved as such;
For the diet he gave the crew-ew-ew
Was a number of tons of hot cross-buns
Served up with sugar and glue.

[CHORUS]

All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubbly Ubdugs roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.

[CHORUS]

On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk, when a Chinese junk

Came up from the Torriby Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee;
And we left the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.

[CHORUS]

From the "U. S. Navy Song Book."

This is by no means new, but it had its own popularity in the last war.

THE COUNTERSIGNS

(Sung to the chantey *Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies.*)

What said John Paul Jones on the brave "Bon Homme Richard";
What said that good fighting man, lashed foe to foe?
"You bid me surrender! I've not yet begun to fight!"
And that was the Navy of long, long ago!

CHORUS

And that is the Navy of all Yankee sailor men!
From seaboard and inland, from mountains and lakes;
The ancient commanders they gave us the countersigns,
We'll steer by the card in their gallant old wakes!

What said Captain Lawrence on board the doomed "Chesapeake";
What said he, when wounded, they bore him below?

"Don't give up the ship!" though the "Shannon" had beaten him!
And that was the Navy of long, long ago!

[CHORUS]

And once on the "Hartford," what said the great Farragut;
When death for his fleet swam hid 'neath the flow?
Why, "Damn the torpedoes!" he ordered—"full speed ahead!"
And that was the Navy of long, long ago!

[CHORUS]

And what say we now?—Has the Navy begun to fight—
Will it give up a ship?—By the Great Horn Spoon, no!
So it's full speed ahead, and down, down, with the submarines!
For such was the Navy of long, long ago!

—M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

From the "Navy Song Book," Washington, 1919.

In spite of the strong contrast of an almost languorous melody with the stirring abrupt lines of the verse, somehow in my humble opinion at least, this manages to be very effective.

PICTURES

I'm settin' by me ditty box, here on deck,
The call for hammocks went, some time ago,
The for'ard battle-lantern's but a speck
That sheds a sort o' cold and ghastly glow

Around the boys unlashin' o' their rolls.
Me old clay pipe is warm, an' glowin' red;
It's awful dark—an' through th' swayin' portholes
I c'n see th' stars a-dancin' overhead.

All hands is kind o' silent like, tonight,
An' things is sort o' strained both fore an' aft;
For the skipper says tomorrow'll see a fight—
That's why it's kind o' still aboard th' craft.
The rookies they've turned in, an' sleepin' sound;
But the old timers know—an' they can't sleep;
An', half undressed, in groups, they're standin' round
A-whisperin', an' smokin', hard t' keep
Th' thoughts, that's bound t' come, from gettin' strong.
You've got t' smoke 'em out, them thoughts that sneak
Around, for if they're shipmates very long,
They'll scurry out your little yeller streak.

We've doubled every "sub" watch on the ship,
I c'n hear th' for'ard watches' steady tread,
An' th' guard relief seems bigger every trip—
I suppose I oughta swing me little bed.
But, somehow, I'm not carin' for th' sleep,
I'd ruther set an' smoke, an' smoke an' think;
If 'twan't so dark an' rough, I'd take a peep
Inside me box—but I'd not sleep a wink.
In th' mornin' I'll jest take th' pictures out
An' stow 'em in me blouse, before th' fight.
An' if they knock me clean out, in th' bout,
They'll find 'em, with me number, tied up tight;

An' they'll send 'em back to Anne, an' Sis an' Mother;
Then they'll know I took 'em on as fur's I could;
But if I get through th' fight somehow or other—
It's th' packet on me breast that done the good.

BURT F. JENNESS,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. Navy.

From "Man O'War Rhymes."
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ETERNAL FATHER, STRONG TO SAVE

TUNE—*Melita*

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

THE REV. WILLIAM WHITING.

This hymn may be found in its entirety at the back of almost any hymnal. I include the first stanza here because I have it on the authority of The Trident Society of the Naval Academy at Annapolis that: * "Every service at the Naval Academy is closed with the first stanza of the hymn, the entire congregation kneeling. From the Academy the custom has spread to many ships of the Fleet." Also because I remember hearing a Canadian say once that it was sung on his troop ship going over. How widespread its use was on transports I do not know, but it will, I think, be reminiscent to many men of war and sea.

* "The Book of Navy Songs" (Doubleday, Doran).

CHAPTER III

FRANCE

MADELON

Pour le repos le plaisir du militaire
Il est là bas à deux pas de la forêt
Une maison aux murs tout couverts de lière
Aux Tourlourous c'est le nom du cabaret.
La servante est jeune et gentille
Légère comme un papillon
Comme son vin son cœil petille
Nous l'appelons la Madelon.
Nous en rêvons la nuit nous y pensons le jour
Ce n'est que Madelon mais pour nous c'est l'amour.

CHORUS

Quand Madelon vient nous servir à boire
Sous la tonnelle on frôle son jupon
Et chacun lui raconte une histoire
Une histoire à sa façon
La Madelon pour nous n'est pas sevère
Quand on lui prend la taille ou le menton
Elle rit c'est tout l'mal qu'elle sait faire
Madelon, Madelon, Madelon.

LOUIS BOUSQUET—CAMILLE ROBERT.

By special permission of Louis Bousquet, Paris, owner of the copyright. The music may be obtained from Remick in this country, with English translation.

VICTORY

"A shell fell on a maternity hospital. The list of dead includes a nurse, two mothers, and a new-born child."—From a Paris newspaper.

Across the plains of Picardy
Proud Amiens flings her taunt at thee,
Bidding thee tame her if thy will
Transcends the faith that lights her still.
A line of freemen bars the way
Where all thy legions lunge and sway
And whither into shadow, where
Is any show of triumph there?

But dare man say that all thy pain
Is bootless, all thine effort vain?
That all thy trafficking in life
Through four black years of frustrate strife
Has gained thee nothing but a curse?
The list of dead includes a nurse,
Two mothers, and a new-born child.

The murder of the undefiled,
The random slaughter of the weak—
What greater triumphs wouldst thou seek?

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

THE BOYS WHO NEVER GREW UP

To the Foreign Legion

If the bowl be of gold and the liquor of flame,
What if poison lie in the cup?
If the maiden be fair—our soul's in the game,

If her kisses be death—we'll kiss just the same
Sang the Legion of Boys Who Never Grew Up.

Blind with the blindness of Youth, but, with all of it,
Clearer of vision than seers! The refrain
"France is beset" smote their ears, and the call of it
Woke the boy dreamers from Nippon to Spain,
Boers from the Veldt, and Hidalgoes from Aragon,
Cowmen from Argentine, Yankees from Maine,
Race of the Cæsars from Venice to Taragon
Rallied to France, to play soldier again.

Under the Tri-color, long khaki files of them,
Through the Étoile, down the Champs-Élysées
Marched, while grisettes blew their kisses to miles of them,
And only the old brushed the tear-stains away,
Out where the crows spread their ominous pinions
Shadowing France from Nancy to Fay,
Singing, they marched 'gainst the Kaiser's gray minions—
Singing the song of Boyhood at play.

If the bowl be of gold and the liquor of flame,
What if poison lie in the cup?
If the maiden be fair—our soul's in the game,
If her kisses be death—we'll kiss just the same,
Sang the Legion of Boys Who Will Never Grow Up!

CHARLES LAW WATKINS, S.S.U. 8.

From the "History of the American Field Service" published by Houghton Mifflin. Reprinted by special permission of Henry Sleeper, owner of the copyright.

WHO SAID SUNNY FRANCE?

It lies on your blankets and over your bed,
There's mud in the cover that covers your head,
There's mud in the coffee, the slum, and the bread—
Sunny France!
There's mud in your eyebrows, there's mud on your nose,
There's mud on your leggins to add to your woes,
The mud in your boots finds its place 'twixt your toes—
Sunny France!

Oh, the grimy mud, the slimy mud, the mud that makes you swear,
The cheesy mud, the greasy mud, that filters through your hair.
You sleep in the mud and drink it, that's true,
There's mud in the bacon, the rice and the stew,
When you open an egg, you'll find mud in it too—
Sunny France!
There's mud in the water, there's mud in the tea,
There's mud in your mess kit as thick as can be,
It sticks to your fingers like leaves to a tree—
Sunny France!

Oh, the ruddy mud, the muddy mud, the mud that gets your goat,
The sliding mud, the gliding mud, that sprays your pants and coat!
It cakes in your mouth till you feel like an ox,
It slips down your back and it rests in your socks;
You think that you're walking on cut glass and rocks—
Sunny France!

There's mud in your gas mask, there's mud in your hat,
There's mud in your helmet, there's mud on your gat,
Yet, though mud's all around us, we're happy at that—
Sunny France!

Oh, the dark, dark mud, the rank, rank mud, there's just one guy to blame;
We'll wish him well (we will like Hell)
And Kaiser Bill's his name!

CORPORAL JACK WARREN CANAL,
Supply Company—F.A.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

"HOMMES 40, CHEVAUX 8"

Roll, roll, roll, over the rails of France,
See the world and its map unfurled, five centimes in your pants.
What a noble trip, jolt and jog and jar,
Forty we, with Equipment C, in one flat-wheeled box car.

We are packed by hand,
Shoved aboard in 'teens,
Pour a little oil on us
And we would be sardines.

Rations? Oo-la-la! And how we love the man
Who learned how to intern our chow in a cold and clammy can.
Beans and beef and beans, beef and beans and beef.
Willie raw, he will win the war, take in your belt a reef.

Mess kits flown the coop,
Cup gone up the spout;
Use your thumbs for issue forks
And pass the bull about.

Hit the floor for bunk, six hommes to one homme's place;
It's no fair to the bottom layer to kick 'em in the face.
Move the corp'ral's feet out of my left ear;
Lay off, sarge, you are much too large; I'm not a bedsack, dear.

Lift my head up, please,
From this bag of bread.
Put it on somebody's chest.
Then I'll sleep like the dead.

Roll, roll, roll, yammer and snore and fight,
Travelling zoo the whole day through and bedlam all the night.
Four days in the cage, going from hither hence,
Ain't it great to ride by freight at good old Unc's expense?

STEWART EMERY, A.E.F.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

TO A CANTINIÈRE

A troop train in November,
A night of sleepless chill,
Raw breezes, broken windows,
And heat entirely nil.
But with the misty dawning
A station came in view.
And oh, that bowl of coffee
I got at Gièvres from you!

You weren't so mighty pretty,
You Lady Gunga Din,
But there you stood a-smiling
As we came trooping in;
And to see the vapors rising
And smell the savory brew
Of good old Yankee coffee
Made an angel out of you.

I've done a little tippling
In a mild and Gallic way—
I've said in liquid accents;
"La même chose, s'il vous plait";
But nothing in a bottle
Of any sort or hue
Could match that bowl of coffee
I got at Gièvres from you.

Let others sing the vintage
Of lush and ripened grapes
From which imprisoned laughter
Of peasant girls escapes,
And flagons of ambrosia—
I'd give them freely too,
For that bowl of Yankee coffee,
I got at Gièvres from you.

LIEUTENANT JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

AS THE TRUCKS GO ROLLIN' BY

There's a rumble an' a jumble an' a bumpin' an' a thud,
As I wakens from my restless sleep here in my bed o' mud,

'N' I pull my blankets tighter underneath my shelter fly,
An' I listen to the thunder o' the trucks a-rollin' by.

They're jumpin' an' they're bumpin' through the inky gloom
o' night,
'N' I wonder how them drivers see without a glim o' light;
I c'n hear the clutches roarin' as they throw the gears in
high,
An' the radiators boilin' as the trucks go rollin' by.

There's some a-draggin' cannons, you c'n spot the sound
all right—
The rumblin' ones is heavies, an' the rattly ones is light;
The clinkin' shells is pointin' up their noses at the sky—
Oh, you c'n tell what's passin' as the trucks go rollin' by.

But most of 'em is packin' loads o' human Yankee freight
That'll slam the soft pedal ontuh Heinie's Hymn o' Hate;
You c'n hear 'em singin' "Dixie," and the "Sweet By 'n'
Bye,"
'N' "Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?" as the trucks
go rollin' by.

Some's singin' songs as, when I left, they wasn't even ripe
(A-showin' 'at they's rookies wot ain't got a service stripe).
But jus' the same they're good ole Yanks, and that's the
reason why
I likes the jazz 'n' barber shop o' the trucks a-rollin' by.

Just God and Gen'rul Pershing knows where these here
birds'll light.
Where them bumpin' trucks is bound for under camouflage
o' night,

When they can't take aero pitchers with their Fokkers in the sky
Of our changes o' location by the trucks a-rollin' by.

So, altho' my bed is puddles, an' I'm soaked through to the hide,
My heart's out with them doughboys on their bouncin', singin' ride,
They're bound for paths o' glory, or, p'raps, to fight 'n' die—
God bless that Yankee cargo in the trucks a-rollin' by.

L. W. SUCKERT, 1st Lieutenant, A.S.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

NIGHT ROAD

A black, dark road, and rain;
Mud underfoot;
No lights;
The crunch of wheels;
The jangle of a chain;
The noisy bumping of a camion train.

Dim forms;
The shuffling steps of men;
The slush of mud;
A vivid lightning flash,
A rocket's flare,
A shell's slow droning through the air.

Black dank woods;
An endless wagon line;
A spurt of fire,

A crash—then blackness;
Endless rain;
The noisy bumping of a camion train.

R. A. D. S.S.U. 70.

Chemin des Dames
October 16, 1917.

From the "History of the American Field Service" published by Houghton Mifflin. Reprinted by special permission of Henry Sleeper, owner of the copyright.

Note the unusual form, free verse rounded to a cadence by the irregular couplet.

ON THE FIELDS OF FRANCE

Here's to the blue of the wind-swept North,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the sons of the North advance.

And here's to the gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the sons of the South advance.

And here's to the blue and the gray as one,
When we meet on the field of France;
May the spirit of God be with you all
As the sons of the Flag advance.

GUNNER'S MATE GEORGE M. MAYO.

Reprinted by special permission of the Sam Fox Publishing Company, Cleveland and New York, owners of the copyright. Music by J. S. Zamecnik.

The music to this is a hymn, making the song suitable for church solos on July fourth, November eleventh, etc., as well as for patriotic occasions generally.

DAD'S LETTERS

My dad ain't just the letter writin' kind—
He'd rather let the women see to that;
He's got a mess of troubles on his mind
And likes to keep 'em underneath his hat.

And p'raps because he isn't very strong
On talkin', why, he's kind o' weak on ink.
But he can work like sin the whole year long,
And cricky, how that dad o' mine can think!

When I set out from Homeville last July,
He didn't bawl the way my sister did;
He just shook hands and says, "Well, boy, good-bye."
(He's got his feelin's, but he keeps 'em hid.)

And so when Mother writes about the things
That I spend half my time a-thinkin' of,
There's one short line that every letter brings,
"Father will write, and meanwhile sends his love."

"Father will write." Well, some day p'raps he will—
There's a lot o' funny prophecies come true;
But if he just keeps promisin' to, still
I'll understand, and dad'll know I do.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

BEHIND THE LINES

When ye hear th' motor's hummin'
An' ye hear the Boches coming,
An' ye hear the fellows tumblin' out o' bed,

Then ye seem t' have a notion
That ye ought t' be in motion,
'Fore the blamed ole roof comes fallin' on yer head.

Then the shrapnel gets ter poppin'
An' Fritz lets some bombs come droppin'
An' th' ole dugout is callin' mighty strong;
Ye sure hate t' think o' runnin';
Every time Fritz comes a-gunnin'
But ye know yer time on earth ain't extra long.

Ye're alone inside yer billet—
All th' other lads who fill it,
Have sought shelter in th' dugout cross th' way
Hell! Them bombs is droppin' nearer;
An' yer life seems getting dearer,
And ye almost kinder wished ye'd learned ta pray.

Ye ain't scared, ye're not a coward,
But ye're almost overpowered,
By the dread what comes a-sneaking in the dark;
Let ye have yer good ole rifle
An' ye'll think it just a trifle
If ye face a score of Boches and let'er bark.

Ye ain't scared 'cause ye're shakin',
An' th' short quick breaths ye're takin',
Ain't a sign there's yellow runnin' down yer spine.
Fritz is gone. Yer pals is comin',
Let 'em have it now fer runnin',
God! Sometimes it's kinda hell behind th' lines.

HOWARD W. BUTLER, 89th Aero Squadron.

From "Zoomer."

A CHANT OF ARMY COOKS

We never were made to be seen on parade
When sweethearts and such line the streets;
When the band starts to blare, look for us—we ain't there,
We're mussing around with the eats.
  It's fun to step out to the echoing shout
  Of a crowd that forgets how you're fed,
While we're soiling our duds hacking eyes out of spuds—
You know what Napoleon said.

When the mess sergeant's gay, you can bet hell's to pay
For the boys who are standing in line.
When the boys get a square, then the sergeant is there
With your death warrant ready to sign.
  If you're long on the grub, then you're damned for a dud,
  If you're short, you're a miser instead.
But, however you feel, you must get the next meal—
You know what Napoleon said.

You think it's a cinch when it comes to the clinch
For the man who is grinding the meat,
In the heat of the fight, why the cook's out of sight
With plenty of room to retreat.
  But the plump of a shell in a kitchen is hell
  When the roof scatters over your head.
And you crawl on your knees to pick up the K.P.'s—
You know what Napoleon said.

If the war ever ends, we'll go back to our friends—
In the army we've nary a one—
We'll list to the prattle of this or that battle
And then when the story is done,

We'll say when they ask, "Now what was your task,
And what is the glory you shed?"
"You see how they thrive—well, we kept 'em alive!
You know what Napoleon said!"

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

MY TIN CHAPEAU

The powers that be have issued me
A useful hat of tin;
Its armour plate protects my pate,
But makes me look like sin.
And when the giddy Gothas from
The clouds their pills do throw,
I view with smiles the falling tiles
And bless my tin chapeau.

13TH ENGINEERS.

From the *Windy City Echo.*

I took this from one of the many army newspapers. Copies of any of them are now, I presume, decidedly rare; but a few of the *Windy City Echo* may be found in the library at the offices of the *American Legion Monthly* in Indianapolis.

The paper's price is given as "2½ washers" which probably refers to the large two-centime piece. Five centimes sounds not too exorbitant for the talent therein.

THOSE ANCIENT KNIGHTS IN DAYS OF YORE

Those Ancient Knights in Days of Yore belonging to the Signal Corps,
Lived lives of ease when all their foes they'd mastered,
And every night, so they'd relate, the whole durn gang would congregate,
At some swell bar and stick till they were plastered.

And when the bugler buged at dawn they'd heave an ax at
him and yawn,
And snooze till twelve before they donned their armor;
But ancient customs don't survive, we now get up at half-
past five,
And answer Reveille in our pajamas.

CHORUS

It makes me mighty sad to think of old Sir Galahad, and all
the Knights of his romantic day,
When to win a Lady Charmer he would buckle on his armour
and hop into the fray.
To please his Lady Love he carried round her little glove
and everything that she said went,
For them was the days when a lady was a lady and a gent
was a perfect gent.

We left our homes and sailed for France to kick the well
known Dutchman's pants,
And leave behind the queen that we'd been rushing,
And then some daring Dog of War who's in the Quarter-
master Corps,
Forsakes his tasks and fares him forth amushing.
And while for mail we vainly hunt, this dashing Quarter-
master runt
Plays Hek with all our hopes and aspirations;
And when we hear that little Nell is married, we just say,
"Oh, Hell,"
And meekly write her our congratulations.

[CHORUS]

From "Ye A.E.F. Hymnal."

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HER LETTERS

Now, dear, when in your letters
You write you're missing me,
Whenever you are out to dine,
Or go for fancy tea;
Remember, dear, I'm really on,
And wise, quite wise, my own.
I realize that all the time
You're never quite alone.

LLOYD THOMAS, Lightning Division.

From "Barrack Bag Ballads."

Barrack Bag Ballads was a very small thin book with a yellow paper cover, a sort of trench edition, carrying no copyright and printed, I think, in France. The only copy I know of is owned by the *American Legion Monthly* in Indianapolis.

WHEN PRIVATE MUGRUMS PARLAY VOOS

I can count my francs and santeems
If I've got a basket near—
An' I speak a wicked "bon jour"
But the verbs are awful queer;
An' I lose a lot o' pronouns
When I try to talk to you,
For your eyes are so bewitchin'
I forget to parlay voo.

In your pretty little garden
With the bench beside the wall,
An' the sunshine on the asters
An' the purple phlox so tall,

I should like to whisper secrets
But my language goes askew—
With the second person plural
For the more familiar "too."

In your pretty little garden
I could always say "juh Taime,"
But it ain't so very subtle
And it ain't not quite the same
As "You've got some dandy earrings";
Or "Your eyes are nice and brown"—
But my adjectives get manly
Right before a lady noun.

Those infinitives perplex me
I can say you're "tray jolee."
But beyond that simple statement
All my tenses don't agree.
I can make the Boche "comprenny"
When I meet 'em in a trench,
But the softer things escapes me
When I try to yap in French.

In your pretty little garden
Darn the idioms that dance
On your tongue so sweet and rapid
Ah, they hold me in a trance!
Though I stutter and I stammer
In your garden, on the bench,
Yet my heart is writin' poems
When I talk to you in French.

PRIVATE CHARLES DIVINE.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

KNOWING WHAT'S JAKE

It's funny—him not havin' gone
Through months of roughin' it along
A-sleepin' anywhere, 'nd so
He's always asking for to know
Why aren't there rooms in some hotel
Instead of bunkin' here like hell.

Like hell—he says, 'nd I don't take
To answer him, 'nd say we're jake
'Nd sittin' pretty in the dry—
As we're agoin'—bye and bye
When he gets hikin' reg'larly
He'll know why this looks good to me.

There's lots o' birds as has it swell
A-loafin' 'round 'nd livin' well,
At least sometimes, 'nd never knowin',
That other guys has rougher goin';
I've had a share—it ain't no fake—
It's too bad he don't know what's jake.

M. R.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

THE DRIVER

I'm a slouch, and a slop and a sluffer,
And my ears they are covered with hair,
And I frequent inhabit the guardhouse—
I'll be "priv" until "fini la guerre."
But my off horse, she shines like a countess,
And my nigh made the general blink,
And they pull like twin bats fresh from Hades,
And they're quick as a demimonde's wink.

Oh, it's often I'm late at formations,
And it's taps I completely disdain,
And my bunk, it brings tears from the Captain,
And the cooties are at me again.
But when there's a piece in the mire,
With her muzzle just rimming the muck,
Then it's hustle for me and my beauties—
If they don't they are S.O. of luck.

And when there's some route that's receiving
Its tender regards from the Huns,
Then we gallop hell bent for election
To our duty o' feeding the guns.
The gas, the H.E., and the shrapnel,
They brighten our path as they burst,
But they've never got me or my chevals—
They'll have to catch up with us first.

I'm a slouch and a slop and a sluffer,
And my ears they are covered with hair,
And I frequent inhabit the guardhouse—
I'll be "priv" until "fini la guerre,"
But my horses, they neigh when I'm coming,
An' my sarge knows how hefty they drag,
An' the Cap lent me ten francs this mornin'—
Here's to him an' to me an' the flag!

F. M. H. D.—F.A.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

IT'S HADES

I've taken my Fords as I've found them,
I've jolted and jarred in my time,
I've had my pickings of *voitures,*
And four of the lot were a crime.

One was a junk heap at Verdun,
And one collapsed on the Aisne;
One was the victim of camouflage,
And one's running yet in Champagne.

I was a young 'un at Verdun.
I picked a pearl to begin.
Gave me gray hairs and a callus,
Cracked me up twice on the shin.
She bucked till I felt like a milkshake.
She had more of a growl than a purr.
And I tinkered away on my back as I lay,
But I learned about *voitures* from her.

Then we got shifted to Soissons.
Called it the Camion-bazaar.
My temper it hardly did sweeten,
In fitting new parts on that car.
Oil she'd absorb by the pailful,
Animate grease cup she were.
But I felt I was square when I saw her lie there,
And I learned about *voitures* from her.

Then we got jumped to Jubécourt.
Or I'd been food for the plough.
Got me a shiny new jar-jane,
With a radiatorial brow.
Taught me how futile are footbrakes,
Sort of accordion she were,
For she folded one night, when I plugged at a White,
But I learned about *voitures* from her.

Then we got hopped to Mont-sans-Nom,
With the shells falling thick round the bean,
Got the car with the mud-guard that John bent
The squarest I ever have seen.

Cylinder-cracked was her trouble,
I finally guessed what it were,
But I couldn't mend such, she was busted too much,
So I got another for her.

And now, as I'm sitting, and dreaming,
And changing the tire on she,
Be warned of your lot, keep the car that you've got,
And never change *voitures* with me. *Fini.*
And never change *voitures* with me.

SHERMAN L. CONKLIN, S.S.U. 17.

From "History of the American Field Service" published by Houghton Mifflin. Reprinted by special permission of Henry Sleeper, owner of the copyright.

LITTLE KID OF FRANCE

Little kid of France,
With your bashful glance,
Somber eyes askance
  Standing in the door;
Come, be roguish, wily,
Stretch your hand, if shyly
Be a trifle smiley
  If there is a war.

Little kid of France,
With your funny pants,
Dare to take a chance.
  Come and get a sou.
Please don't be so chary,
Wide-eyed and so stary,
Though we're strange and scary,
  We are strong for you.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE, Lt. Q.M.C.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

AS THINGS ARE

The old home State is drier now
Than forty-seven clucks
Of forty-seven decent hens
A-chewin' peanut shucks.

There everybody's standin' sad
Beside the Fish hill store,
A-sweatin' dust and spittin' rust
Because there ain't no more.

The constable, they write, has went
A week without a pinch.
There ain't no jobs, so there's a gent
'At sure has got a cinch.

I ain't a gonna beef a bit
But still it's kinder nice
A-knowin' where there's some to get
Without requestin' twice.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

Very few soldiers seemed to have leisure to discuss the Eighteenth Amendment at this time, but those who did were very quotable; and although no one ever supposed these poems to be immortal classics, the talent displayed was quite sufficient to be worthy of a better idea. The one quoted above is the most amusing I have seen, but two others of this type might be mentioned, *Lay to a Lost Love* from *The Stars and Stripes* and * *In That Little Old Buvette* by one D. W. S. of the Reserve Mallet. The latter had a very nice swing to it that is hard to forget,

Come you back to that buvette!
Come you back to "chère Nanette";

Can't you hear the bottles clinking with their wine and Anisette?

* "History of the American Field Service," Vol. III.

'N' EVERYTHING

We've got a dinky stove that smokes and smokes,
'N' everything
We've got a guy that snores (I hope he chokes)
'N' everything.
Y'oughta hear us cough and sneeze
When the walls let in the breeze,
Most any hour an icy shower
Drips on our bunks 'n' everything.
We've got a floor that's full of cracks and nails
'N' everything.
We've got a mascot mut that howls and wails,
'N' everything.
And if I ever leave this life,
I'm going straight home to my wife.
Where we'll have a lot of heat and rugs and tubs
'N' everything.

We've got a mess that costs us beaucoup francs
For everything.
Our mess fund's big enough to bust three banks
'N' everything.
And though we dig our jeans
All we ever get is beans.
For food that's fancy we go to Nancy
(For food and also other things).
We've got a cook that should be walking guard
'N' everything.
I think he boils his pies in Q.M. lard,
'N' everything.

And if I ever break away
I'm going to gorge myself each day
On porterhouse and apple pie with real ice cream
'N' everything.

From "Ye A.E.F. Hymnal."

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GETTIN' LETTERS

When you're far away from home and you're feelin' kind of blue,
When the world is topsy turvy, nothin' sets just right for you;
Yuh can sneer at all your troubles, an' yer cares yuh never mind,
When you've really had a letter from the Girl yuh left behind.

When the cook is downright nutty, an' his biskits never raise,
When he feeds yuh canned tomatoes for jes' seventeen straight days,
You can lift yer chin and whistle, an' treat him fairly kind,
If you've really had a letter from the Girl yuh left behind.

When the Captain's got a grouch on, an' has bawled yuh out for fair,
When some pesky Lieut has sassed you which at home he wouldn't dare,
Yuh can lift your chin and whistle and that's easy you will find,
If you've really had a letter from the Girl yuh left behind.

When a letter comes yuh grab it right before the other guys
An' yuh git a little vision of the light that's in Her eyes;
Yuh can see her smiles and dimples an' fer other girls you're blind,
When you've really had a letter from the Girl yuh left behind.

Jest a sheet or two of paper with a purple stamp or two
But it means the whole creation to the heart and soul of you,
An' yuh git to feelin' pious an' yuh pray a bit, yuh mind,
Fer the great Almighty's blessin' on the Girl yuh left behind.

E. C. D., Field Hospital.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

LINES ON LEAVING A LITTLE TOWN WHERE WE RESTED

We with the war ahead,
You who have held the line,
Laughing, have broken bread
And taken wine.

We cannot speak your tongue,
We cannot fully know
Things hid beneath your smile
Four years ago.

Things which have given us,
Grimly, a common debt,
Now that we take the field
We won't forget.

CORPORAL RUSSELL LORD (F.A.).

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

WHAT MATTERS

How happy I shall be, O mother mine,
If only, after our hard fight is won,
My part, though small, shall license you to speak
With pride of him who is your son.

It matters not if I am at your side
To comfort you and ease your ripening years;
For though you grieve the loss of him you loved,
Pride, then, will quickly vanquish sorrow's tears.

It matters only if, 'midst shrapnel's scream
And bullets, gas, and ravages of Hun;
That I, whom you have reared with tender love,
Shall live or die as you would have your son.

CORPORAL L. H. PILLION (Inf.)

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

CHAPTER IV

MARCHING SONGS AND TRENCH BALLADS

I hope that in reading this chapter you will remember its background. At one time I had combined these trench songs with the chapter following which I have called "War," for of course the trench ballad sprang from the very mud and blood of battle. It was not only the product of moments of youthful merriment and relaxation but was sung almost in the very teeth of the enemy; sometimes at night very softly in the trench, sometimes in the relief of going out, almost always to make the bitter marches endurable. So in reading it might be well to turn from one chapter to the other, for war is the setting for the Trench Ballad.

These bits of nonsense and wry humor form a part of the doughboy's reaction to actual warfare and the discerning may see, not only the indomitable spirit of high courage that prompted the A.E.F., but an honesty and simplicity that is as astounding as it is admirable and endearing. It takes more than physical courage to confess one's fear by flinging derision upon it, while unswervingly facing eternity, but it was so common as to be universal.

HINKY DINKY

To the American doughboy *Hinky Dinky* was the marching song of all marching songs, the one that he made preeminently his own. It had, of course, the innumerable stanzas of great popularity—I have seen over one hundred myself, but there must be many more. Tune and all, it seems to be reasonably original, bearing a certain resemblance to three other songs, but having, after all, a distinct charm of its own. I have been told that a man could march half a day singing *Hinky Dinky* all the time and never repeating himself, and I think it might be managed, especially if he had a good memory or an easy talent for rhyming. It is not difficult to add a new verse. It may be done from any incident, or cause for complaint, by making a simple couplet. So many men have done it.

I cannot say whether Yank or Tommy sang it first. There are indications both ways, but whoever began it, the Doughboy made it his own. There are, to be sure, a number of British versions and they have a tune which is vaguely the same, but different. It has been said that *Mademoiselle from Armentières* (or *Hinky Dinky*) came from *Skiboo,* that old favorite that has been sung for perhaps a hundred years in the British Army, but I doubt it. It has, of course, a verse that is practically identical with the one in *Hinky Dinky* beginning * "Two German officers crossed the Rhine," and the refrain is neat and tasty, "Skiboo, skiboo, skiboodley boo, skidam, dam, dam"; but the melody seems singularly uninspired compared with the lilt of either British or American forms of the every present *Mademoiselle.* I like to think the tune an American product. It has such a saucy, snappy air and there is some reason to think that it did appear late in the war. I have included the British stanzas in their proper place, but they may always be spotted at once by the refrain, which Tommy sings, "Inky Pinky," "Inky Dinky" or even "Hinky Pankey."

There is no particular sequence to these verses, and I have picked them up in various places. I believe that all but one have been previously copyrighted and they are reprinted by permission of the various copyright owners. For convenience, I have divided the multitudinous stanzas into sections according to subject, and after giving the first verse complete, have omitted the refrain thereafter as the repetition becomes wearisome.

I do not ask the reader to wade through all these lines, and only include so many to illustrate to what lengths soldiers will go given a good tune, long marches, and a group of men sufficiently young and in reasonably good health.

As I have said before, your true army song is usually composed through a series of marches and as the march continues verses may be added, *ad nauseam.* Eventually, the tune is altered either from imperfect memory or with malice aforethought—between units perhaps—and the months go on and circumstances give point to more lines, and in the course of a year or so, behold your marching song as complete as it will ever be. That is the reason why the Infantry produces more songs than any other branch of the service —among them the great *Hinky Dink.*

* Compare the German folk song, *The Landlady's Daughter.*

I might, perhaps, draw your attention to the circumstance that even in this polyglot mass of events, there is an inclination toward the ballad, the story, that folk tunes always tell. The "Little Marine in love with his nurse" is a persistent figure and was probably once an actual person.

The first group deals with the so popular *Mademoiselle,* both the original lady from Armentières who was so unfortunate in the matter of osculatory attentions, and other ladies naturally suggested to the singer's mind.

If you are a purist, you may pronounce Armentières in the usual manner the first two times, but the third time it *must* rhyme with "years" so take your precautions accordingly. Give it three syllables only and come out strong on the third. Do you take me? "Armen*teers.*"

HINKY DINKY OR MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIÈRES

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Parley voo,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Parley voo,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentières
She ain't been kissed for forty years.
Hinky, Dinky, parley voo.

Oh, farmer, have you a daughter fair,
Who can wash a soldier's underwear?

Mademoiselle from Armentières,
If you never wash your underwear,
You'll never get the Croix de Guerre.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
She ain't even heard of underwear.

From gay Paree he heard guns roar,
And all he learned was "je t'adore."

The doughboy he had beaucoup jack,
Till mademoiselle got on his track.

Oh, Mother, have you a daughter fine,
Fit for a soldier of the line?

You might forget the gas and shell,
You'll never forget the mademoiselle.

Two German officers crossed the Rhine,
To kiss the women and drink the wine.

With her I flirted, I confess,
But she got revenge when she said "yes."

These are the several stanzas dealing with the romance of Mademoiselle and the Little Marine, probably built upon an actual incident.

The Little Marine he grew and grew,
And now he's part of the army too.

The Little Marine he grew and grew,
And now he's hugging and kissing 'em too.

The Little Marine he was a bear,
He captured a town and nobody there.

The Little Marine in love with his nurse,
He's taken her now for better or worse.

Mademoiselle all dressed in white,
  Parley voo,
Mademoiselle all dressed in blue,
  Parley voo.
Mademoiselle all dressed in black,
'Cause her Little Marine he didn't come back,
  Hinky, Dinky, parley voo.

A large group of Hinky Dinkys were lampoons, at the expense of some unit or individual. The Brass Hats came in for a share as usual, but this musical wise-cracking was impartial on the whole.

The General got the Croix de Guerre,
But the son of a gun, he was never there.

The Officers get all the steak,
And all we get is the belly-ache.

The old red cow left one good pelt,
But they threw the bull for the Sam Browne belt.

Bergdoll's lesson is easy to see,
When the draft comes round, R.S.V.P.

Dempsey helped to build the ships,
But couldn't see the ocean trips.

I didn't care what became of me,
That's why I joined the Infantry.

The M.P. asked me for my pass,
A thing I did not have, alas!

They sent U. S. soldiers to France to die,
And then they voted the U. S. dry.

The Second Division was on the Rhine,
Drinking beer and lots of wine.

The Indian is a good old race,
His nose is red (so is his face).

The Y.M.C.A. went over the top,
And gave the soldier a chocolate drop.

The Captain he's carrying the pack,
Hope . . . it breaks his back.

The Y.M.C.A. came over to France,
And all they did was sing and dance.

Oh, the French they are a funny race,
They swipe your francs and lie to your face.

The doughboy he went over the top,
Because he had no place to stop.

The Kaiser was going to win the war—
Oh, Kaiser William, you're S.O.L.,
Your Mittel-Europa is shot to hell.

The Second Division went over the top,
To make the German Kaiser flop.

From the Second Division.

The Second Division went over the top,
The First was behind them—they couldn't stop.
From the First Division.

* Oh, Col. McNabb is a hunk of cheese,
All that he knows is the trigger squeeze.

The Armistice by no means stopped the storm of Hinky Dinkys. Immediately began the controversy of "Who Won the War?"

The Artillery claims it won the war,
The Artillery might have done its share,
But sometimes the barrage just wasn't there.

The Cavalry say they won the war,
The Cavalry say they did it all,—
Shooting craps in an empty stall.

The C.O. says he won the war,
The C.O. wants the Croix de Guerre,
For sitting around in his morris chair.

The Medics claim they won the war,
The Medics claim they held the line,
With C.C. pills and iodine.

The M.P.s say they won the war,
Standing guard at a café door.

And there were other post-Armistice thoughts.

'Twas a hell of a war as we recall,
But still, 'twas better than none at all.

* Col. McNabb was the author of a famous pamphlet on musketry training.

Twelve long, rainy months or more,
I spent hunting for that war.

Hoover rates a Croix de Guerre,
He left the goldfish over there.

We won the war, but didn't get much.
Now Bill's in Holland, God help the Dutch.

The day we sailed away from Brest,
I said, "Good-bye," and thought the rest.

Where are the girls that used to swarm,
About me in my uniform?

My Yankee sweetheart looks askance,
At all the mail I get from France.

Many and many a married man,
Wants to go back to France again.

I've left my wife. She spent my kale,
On bargain grub at an Army sale.

I'm going bugs with the cost of clothes,
I'd like to be Adam and dress même chose.

The bonus didn't last me long,
So that is why I write this song.

The Eighteenth Amendment produced several. A sample will do.

But there's a way if there's a will,
We'll run a little private still.

I have still more Hinky Dinkys but spare you any more American ones. I might close, however, with this, good for any occasion.

To find a buddy in a crowd,
Sing Hinky Dinky right out loud.

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"My Pious Friends and Drunken Companions," edited by Frank Shay, copyrighted 1927, the Macaulay Company.
"Ye A.E.F. Hymnal," edited and published by Henry Mayers.
The American Legion Monthly

I WANT TO GO HOME

I

I want to go home,
I want to go home,
The bullets, they whistle; the cannons, they roar,
I don't want to go to the trenches no more.
Take me over the sea,
Where the Huns can't get after me—
Oh, my!
I'm too young to die.
I want to go home.

From "Ye A.E.F. Hymnal."

By permission of Henry Mayers.

II

I want to go home, I want to go home.
The Caudrons are bad—the Sopwiths are worse—
When a Liberty crashes you don't need a nurse.

I want to go over the sea
Where the wild pilots can't get at me—
O my! I'm too young to die,
I want to go home.

I want to go home, I want to go home.
The radiator's leaking, the motor is dead—
The pilot is trying to stand on his head.
O ship me over the sea,
Where the Fokkers can't get at me—
O my! I'm too young to die,
I want to go home.

I want to go home, I want to go home.
Now in a side-slip, now in a spin—
We're flat on our backs every now and then,
I don't want to fly upside down,
I want to get back on the ground—
O my! I'm too young to die,
I want to go home.

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As is quite generally known, *I Want to Go Home* was originally a British song that became a universal favorite with all English-speaking troops. I include four versions, two American ones above, one as altered by the Polar Bears in the North Russian campaign, while one is to be found in its natural position in the Canadian Chapter where the song's origin and its many variants are discussed. The music has been published by Leo. Feist under the same name. This published version however comes from British sources and the tune differs somewhat from that generally used by American troops.

YES, THERE IS REST

Of all the animals alive
I'd rather be the bear;
He gets a full meal once a year
And never cuts his hair—(I tell you)

CHORUS

Yes, there is rest, yes, there is rest;
In the Infantree—
In the Infantree—*You said it!*
Yes, there is rest
Yes, there is rest
In the Infantree there is rest,
Sweet Rest!

Of all the fish that swim the lakes
I'd rather be the pike;
They have no bathing problem and
They drink whene'er they like—(I tell you)

Of all the barnyard fowls I know
The rooster is the best
He blows his own sweet reveille
Then goes back to his nest—(I tell you)

The General has his motor car,
The Colonel has his horse,
Whenever they see doughboys hike
It fills them with remorse (?)—(I tell you)

The First Loot wears his silver bars
The Second Loot's are gold;
But when the Skipper comes around
They do just as they're told—(I tell you)

The Sergeant can report you for
A gun all caked with rust
But if his own gun's dirty, why,
The Sergeant will be bust—(I tell you)
From *The Stars and Stripes.*

WHERE THEY WERE

If you want to know where the privates were,
I'll tell you where they were,
I'll tell you where they were;
Yes, I'll tell you where they were;
Oh, if you want to know where the privates were,
I'll tell you where they were;
Up to their necks in mud,
I saw them, I saw them,
Up to their necks in mud, I saw them
Up to their necks in mud.

If you want to know where the sergeants were, etc.
Clipping the old barbed-wire, etc.

If you want to know where the captains where, etc.
Drinking the privates' rum, etc.

If you want to know where the officers were, etc.
Down in their deep dugout, etc.

And if you want to know where the generals were, etc.
Back in gay Paree, etc.

From "The American Songbag."

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The Navy adds a verse of its own concerning their "guarding the deep blue sea." The tune like most of its kind is vaguely reminiscent, but the only definite melody I can find is a trace of *Work, for the Night Is Coming.*

WHEN THIS BLOODY WAR IS OVER

TUNE—*Just Before the Battle, Mother*

When this bloody war is over,
Oh, how happy I will be,
When I leave this working outfit
For my home across the sea.

No more dress parades on Sunday,
No more asking for a pass,
We will tell the Sergeant Major
. . . . .
(Deleted by Censor)

The Sergeant says my gun is rusty
And I guess he must be right,
But you should see my little shovel,
It is certainly shining bright.

Good-bye, Captain, I must leave you,
Though it breaks my heart to go,
But I'll be damned if I will soldier
With a shovel, pick and hoe.

Co. "B" 345th Bn. Tanks.

By permission of *The American Legion Monthly.*

Apparently a combination of a song of doubtful origin called *The Shovel and the Pick,* the R.A. ditty, *Only One More Jungle Season,* and the British, *When This "Ruddy" War Is Over.* To add to the complication, the tune is *Just Before the Battle, Mother;* but both Tommy and the Regular use the air, *What a Friend We Have in Jesus.* On the whole the ancestry of this fragment, like that of the well-known dog, seems to have been "just careless."

As for the title, no American ever understands why "bloody" is so offensive a word to the polite British ear and is so frequently in the mouth of the lower classes. Its flavor of profanity hardly explains it, for Gawblimey does not share in the literary ostracism. However, in deference to custom, I have cut the word entirely from the British Section or employed the expressions supplied by certain British officers such as "ruddy" or "blooming." Here I employ the word in its crude American dictionary sense of red blood and gore. It *was* a bloody war, and I say so.

SONG OF THE * Q.M.C.

TUNE—*The Old Gray Mare*

Oh, I don't have to fight like the Infantry,
Fight like the Cavalry,
Fight like Artillery.
Oh, I don't have to fly over Germany,
For I'm a Q.M.C.,
I'm a Q.M.C.,
I'm a Q.M.C.
Oh, I don't have to fight like the Infantry,
Fight like the Cavalry,
Fight like Artillery.
Oh, I don't have to fly over Germany,
For I'm a Q.M.C.

From "Ye A.E.F. Hymnal."

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* Quarter Master Corps.

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRACE

TUNE—*The Long Trail*

There's a long, long trace a-winding
Around the hocks of my team,
And the martingale is missing
And the old brake beam.
I've got the off horse saddled backwards,
I've got the backstrap 'round his neck,
And though it's all damned peculiar, yet
We're ready to roll, by heck!

Artillery Song.

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly.*

THE SHELL HOLE RAG

TUNE—*Darktown Strutters' Ball*

I've got my wind up, honey,
A-layin' wire out in No Man's Land,
Where the shells are falling fast,
And I think I'm smellin' gas.
Each shell that's a-comin' over
Seems to bear my name in letters large and clear,
And if from me you do not hear
Now don't think it very queer.

CHORUS

For machine gun bullets whizzing round me,
The old tin hat's a-feelin' mighty small.
Inside it I'd like to crawl,
And hug the ground just like a porous plaster.
My feet feel heavy and my knees feel weak,
I bite my tongue every time I speak

And when I hear those 9.2's,
I shake the hobnails out of my shoes—
In No Man's Land, where they play that shell hole rag.
(Do you hear it?) Whizz—Bang!
"C" Co. 102nd Engineers, 27th Division.

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly.*

The Shell Hole Rag was a popular ditty and subject to the usual changes in different outfits. I have three versions more, but the one given above is by far the best, and I spare you the others.

SCRATCH, SCRATCH, SCRATCH

TUNE—*Smile, Smile, Smile*

Private Buck was a-readin' of his shirt,
Readin' it from cuff to cuff.
"Hell!" sezze, "this Army's done me dirt,
I've got cooties sure enough."
"Sarge," sezze, "what am I going to do?
These bugs must be suppressed."
The Sarge was wise, so he said, "Now listen, Buck,
If you want to get them off your chest—

CHORUS

Wrap both your elbows up around your neck
And scratch, scratch, scratch.
Don't stop a second—if you do, by Heck
Your troubles start to hatch.
What's the use of sulphur salve,
It never was worth much
So wrap both your elbows up around your neck
And scratch, scratch, scratch."
From "Ye A.E.F. Hymnal."

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THE BRAVE GRENADIER

TUNE—*Casey Jones*

Come all you soldiers if you want to hear,
I'll tell you the story of a brave grenadier;
Casey Jones was the grenadier's name,
With a 32 Mills grenade he won his fame.

The Sergeant called Casey at half-past four,
He said good-bye to his buddy at the dugout door.
He mounted to the parapet, grenades in hand
And he tried to bomb his way out into No Man's Land.

CHORUS

Casey Jones, mounted to the parapet,
Casey Jones, grenades in his hand,
Casey Jones, tried to stop a whiz-bang,
And now he's pushing daisies out in No Man's Land.

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly.*

JUST ME AND MY PAL

TUNE—*For Me and My Gal*

We were in Paris, just me and my pal,
We were in Paris, with a mademoiselle.
All the corp'rals were snorting
And the sergeants reporting
While the Captain was signing my A.W.O.L.
We had a good time without any fear
With plenty of champagne and beaucoup de bière.
Some day I'll take another little trip or two
Or three or four—like hell—
Away to Paris with a mademoiselle.

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly.*

I WANT A BELT

TUNE—*I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad*

I want a belt just like the belt
That all the shavetails wear.
It has a strap that goes up the back,
And makes the ma'm'selles stare.
It's made of leather with a hook or two,
And you can bet it makes the girls love you.
I want a belt just like the belt
That all the shavetails wear.

Company "B," 345th Bn. Tanks.

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly*.

S.O.S. SONG

TUNE—*Where Do We Go from Here?*

O mother, take down your service flag,
Your son's in the S.O.S.
He's S.O.L. but what the hell,
He never suffered less,
He may be thin, but that's from gin,
Or else I miss my guess,
So, mother, take down your service flag,
Your son's in the S.O.S.

From "Ye A.E.F. Hymnal."

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It is a little unkind to call this the S.O.S. song, for almost needless to state the song's great popularity was *not* earned in that unit.

WE DO SQUADS LEFT

TUNE—*Glorious, Glorious*

Oh, we do squads left and we do squads right,
We stand reveille in the middle of the night.
Along about midnight we all hit the hay—
Nothing to do until the very next day.
Parlez vous, parlez vous
Yip a little French like the Froggies do.
Un, deux, trois, quatre,
What the hell do you think of that?
We never used to talk like that at home.

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly.*

The tune to this is the old drinking song beginning

I was drunk last night,
Drunk the night before, etc.

The titles used for it are numerous. A few pages farther on I have referred to it as *One Keg of Beer for the Four of Us,* and Mr. Shay publishes a version called *One More Drink for the Four of Us.* It is all the same classic. If you never heard it, that is your good fortune, but if you feel the need of the melody, ask the boy next door.

THE HANDSOME YOUNG TANKER

TUNE—*The Tarpaulin Jacket*

A handsome young Tanker lay dying,
CHORUS lay dying,
And as by his wrecked Tank he lay,
he lay,

To his comrades who came round him sighing,
sighing,
These last dying words he did say:
did say:
"Take the cylinder out of my kidneys,
of his kidneys,
The connecting rods out of my brain,
of his brain,
Take the turret from off of my backbone,
his backbone,
And assemble the damned tank again."
again.

Company "B," 345th Bn. Tanks.

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Quite frankly adapted from the famous British song *The Dying Aviator* (known to us as *The Handsome Young Airman*) which with its various allied lyrics to the same tune, may be found included later.

The music to the *Tarpaulin Jacket* is in both "The American Song Bag" (Harcourt, Brace) and "The Book of Navy Songs" (Doubleday, Doran).

Personally, I prefer the former arrangement, particularly as it suggests the improvised choruses without which these landlubber lyrics can not be properly rendered.

WRAP ME UP IN MY TARPAULIN JACKET

TUNE—*The Tarpaulin Jacket*

Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket
And say a poor buffer lies low, lies low;
And six stalwart lancers shall carry me
With steps mournful, solemn, and slow,

I know I shan't get to Heaven,
And I don't want to go below-ow-ow.
O, ain't there some place in between them
Where this poor buffer can go?

From "The American Song Bag."

By special permission of Carl Sandburg and Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York.

GIVE US A BOAT

TUNE—*The Sunshine of Your Smile*

CHORUS

Give us a boat or anything that floats,
Volunteer or draft, we'll take chances on a raft.
Give us the right to go most anyway,
As long as we get back to
The good old U.S.A.

"Sung by one of the men in the Yankee Division after one of my shows up in the Toul sector and thereafter added to my repertoire—."

By courtesy of Elsie Janis.

KEEP AWAY FROM THE ENGINEERS

TUNE—*Keep Your Head Down*

Keep away from the engineers,
Keep away from the engineers,
They'll break your back—
With a shovel and a pack—
It's awful, yes, awful.
They will send you out on the road—

Without any decent clothes—
If you went to France
With a whole pair of pants—
Keep away from the Engineers.

12th Engineers.

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly.*

BOMBED

TUNE—*One Keg of Beer for the Four of Us*

We were bombed last night and bombed the night before,
And we're gonna be bombed tonight as we never were bombed before.
When we're bombed, we're as scared as we can be.
They can bomb the whole darn army if they don't bomb me.
They're over us, they're over us,
One little cave for the four of us,
Glory be to God there are no more of us,
Or they'd bomb the whole damn crew.

From "Ye A.E.F. Hymnal."

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JUST BEHIND THE BATTLE, MOTHER

Just behind the Battle, Mother,
I am slinking back to you;
For the cannon's rattle, Mother,
Makes me feel uncommon blue.
I am not so fond of dying
As my comrades seem to be,
So from missiles round me flying
I am mizzling back to thee.

CHORUS

Mother, don't you hear the hissing
Of the bulletses so plain?
I may be counted with the missing
But never, never with the slain.
From "Ye A.E.F. Hymnal."

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O, MOTHER, PUT UP THE GOLDEN STAR

TUNE—*Where Do We Go from Here?*

O, mother, put up your golden star,
Your son's going up in a Sop;
The wings are weak, the ship's a freak,
She's got a rickety prop;
The motor's junk, the pilot's drunk,
He's sure to take a flop.
So, mother, put up your golden star,
Your son's going up in a Sop.
From "Ye A.E.F. Hymnal."

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As you have probably gathered from previous airplane verse, the Sop is short for Sopwith. It is not difficult to gather the reputation of this make of plane.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

PARODY

Keep the homes fires burning,
But not for us returning;
We who've been through hell in France,
We need no heat.

There's a yellow backing,
On the ones who're slacking,
Keep the home fires up for them—
For they've got cold feet.

Company "B," 345th Bn. Tanks.

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly*.

THE HEARSE SONG

The old Grey Hearse goes rolling by,
You don't know whether to laugh or cry;
For you know some day it'll get you too,
And the hearse's next load may consist of—you.

From "The American Songbag."

By special permission of Carl Sandburg and Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York.

I have reprinted but one stanza. Mr. Sandburg gives two versions of three stanzas each.

SHIPS

TUNE—*Smiles*

There are ships that carry rations,
There are ships that carry mail.
There are ships that carry ammunition—
There are ships that merely carry sail.

There are ships that carry President Wilson—
They are mighty giants of the foam;
But I'd trade them all for just a row boat,
If that row boat would carry me home.

From *Songs of Service for The American Legion.*

A.E.F. MISERERE

It's a hard life and a weary one,
Death hangs o'er my head like the sword of Damocles;
I'm so durn poor I can't afford a box of Rameses.
It's a hard life and a weary one,
Damn, Damn, Damn.

From "Ye A.E.F. Hymnal."

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Mr. Mayers remarks that it is "to be sung wery, wery tragic-like."

ME FOR ALASKA

TUNE—*When We Go Home*

When we get home, Bill, when we get home;
Me for Alaska, this child for Nome!

Nought will convince me, nought will persuade
That the next war requires my aid.
They can't convince me,
They can't persuade.

By courtesy of Col. Sharman and Mr. Pye.

BESIDE A BELGIAN WATER TANK

Beside a Belgian water tank
One cold and wintry day,
Beneath his busted biplane
The young observer lay:
His pilot hung from a telegraph pole
But not entirely dead,
And he listened to the last words
This young observer said:

CHORUS

"Oh, I'm going to a better land
Where everything is bright,
Where handouts grow on bushes
And they stay out late at night.
You do not have to work at all
Nor even change your socks,
And drops of Johnny Walker
Come trickling through the rocks."

The pilot breathed his last few gasps,
  Before he passed away:
"I'll tell you how it happened—
  The flippers fell away.
The motor wouldn't work at all,
  The ailerons flivvered too;
A shot went through the gas tank
  And let the gas leak through."

From "Ye A.E.F. Hymnal."

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Obviously a parody on *The Dying Hobo*. In case you have been well brought up and never heard of it, you can find the original in "Pious Friends and Drunken Companions" on page 64. The chorus is taken over almost intact with a beautiful disregard of the fact that these words have no real connection with the unfortunate pilot whose adventures are related in the two stanzas. However, *Beside a Belgian Water Tank* is a standard A.E.F. work and may be found in the usual varied forms. Of course the "little drops" are variously described, depending on the moment, as consisting of Vouvray, for instance, instead of Johnny Walker; or when sung by British troops, it is rendered "S.R.D." (the rum ration). The version supplied by the *American Legion Monthly* is almost identical, except that at the end the singer launches into a version of *I Want to Go Home* that goes

The Breguets are rotten, the A.R.'s are worse,
  It's only ten minutes from Sopwith to hearse.
Send me over the sea
  Where the wild pilots can't get at me.
Oh, my, I'm too young to die—
  I want to go home.

AMERICAN FRAGMENTS

I

A soldier boy should never swear
When coots are in his underwear,

Or underneath his helmet label—
At least, as far as he is able.

From "A Cootie's Garden of Verses."

II

When Private Duffy's mail came in,
They found a letter from Berlin.
At first they thought they'd shoot him, but
'Twas from Berlin, Connecticut.

III

Ride a big truck through mud, rain, and muck,
To see a fat major get quite out of luck.
Leaves on his shoulders and spurs on his heels,
The language he uses shows just how he feels.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

And speaking of fragments, who knows "the cannoneers have hairy ears," or "and when the guns begin to shoot, we'll go and hire a substy-toot," or the Medics' masterpiece, "Ode to a pair of hobnailed shoes"? This scrap of each is tantalizing and I find no more.

THE SERGEANT

The sergeant, the sergeant he is the worst of all,
He gets us up in the morning before the early call,

With squads right, and squads left, and left front into line;
Then the slimy son of a gun, he gives us double time.
From "The American Songbag."

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There is a particularly interesting fragment that illustrates again how high-handed the Army is with its songs. The words are just sufficiently reminiscent to reveal its ancestry, especially when coupled with the tune, which is the *Son of a Gambolier* treated high, wide, and handsome. It is a piece of *El Soldado Americano*—with variations. Two other fragments that have come to my notice are also variants from this old Army chorus. As for instance:

Wake up in the morning at the sound of reveille,
I looks at the Skipper and the Skipper looks at me.
The Skipper says, "You ain't worth a damn,
For you're only a rookie and belong to Uncle Sam!"
Then it's home, boys, home, it's home we long to be—
Home, boys, home, in North Amerikee!
We'll hang Old Glory—

Again more briefly we have the same *Soldado*

Down in the guardhouse, waiting my discharge,
To hell with the sergeant and the corp'ral of the guard!

A complete version of this may be found in "Sound Off."

CHAPTER V

WAR

SONG OF THE CAMIONEERS

Rowdy with cheers, cursing at fears,
Twelve hundred stouthearted camioneers
Served with the French, nothing could quench
Their courage in carting up shells to the trench.
So, fill the cup high and never say die,
They sang on their camions thundering by!

To hell with the Huns! Speed up the guns!
We're bringing munitions, tons upon tons;
What if we croak? The line has not broke,
Anyway living is only a joke.
So, fill the cup high and never say die,
They sang on their camions thundering by!

Meuse to the Somme, ranting they roam,
Whatever the sector they're always at home;
Fighting for Right, cursing with might,
Carousing in camp until late in the night.
Fill the cup high and never say die,
They sang on their camions thundering by!

DAVID DARRAH, Réserve Mallet.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

WE HAD GREAT ARGUMENT

After a tardy sun had set
We four untried lieutenants chose
The back room of the town *buvette;*
And there, until the next sun rose,
We each discussed, in meaty prose,
The meaning of the firmament
And all such things that no one knows.
That night we had great argument.

It was no trouble to forget
Dress and society and pose;
The girls we knew: Marthe and Odette,
Marie and Madelon and Rose;
We did not give a thought to those;
Or other things; War, or the Rent;
Our lives; the price of furbelows.
That night we had great argument.

A crimson sun came like a threat;
We drained our glasses and arose;
Roused the good folk and paid our debt;
And rode off northward toward our foes.
Our reckless youth was at a close
And hell grew nearer as we went;
Yet life seemed good to us—because
That night we had great argument.

A German trench on the Aillette
Next day cost half our regiment,
And all my jolly friends—and yet
That night we had great argument.

M. C., T.M.U. 526.

From the "History of the American Field Service" published by Houghton Mifflin. Reprinted by permission of Henry Sleeper, owner of the copyright.

One of the few cases in which the ballade is most successfully used by an unknown author. But three rhymes are employed throughout and the envoi skilfully provides the necessary break in thought without a stilted vocative. In spite of its subtle quality, so characteristic of the Field Service, the poem has proved popular in my experience. On the whole M. C. is, perhaps, the finest of the unknown poets that has been brought to my attention.

SONG OF THE GUNS

This is the song that our guns keep singing,
Here where the dark steel shines;
This is the song with their big shells winging
Over the German lines—

"We are taking you home by the shortest way,
We are taking you out of this blood and slime
To the land you left in an ancient day,
Where lost lanes wander at twilight time;
We are bringing you peace
In the swift release
From the grind where the gas drifts blur;
On a steel shod track,
We are taking you back,
We are taking you back to Her!"

This is the song that our guns keep roaring
Out through the night and rain;
This is the song with their big shells soaring
Over the battered plain—

"We are taking you home by the only way,
By the only road that will get you back
To the dreams you left where the dusk was gray
And the night wind sang of a long-lost track;

We are bringing you rest
From the bitter test,
From the pits where the great shells whir;
Through the bloody loam,
We are taking you home,
We are taking you home to Her!"

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

UP WITH THE RATIONS

Hovering of darkness and coverlids of dawn—
Up with the rations, where the boys have gone!
Creaking and crying the limbers rattle on—
Up with the rations—but the roads are gone!

"Which is the road to take?"
"How many miles to make?"
Never a nerve to shake—
—On with the game!

Shriek of the whining shell,
Bursting with flares of hell,
Lighting the road so well,
Thank it the same!

Crooning of airplane, hovering o'er you—
(Mind you, the Infantry made it before you!)

"Come build this bridge again—
Cut through this field of grain—
Work and forget the rain—
Hustle those men!"

"Here, take this overcoat;
Cover that wounded bloke,
Pull it around his throat—
He's kickin' in!"

How the mud oozes and clings to the ration cart,
Clinches the rims of the tires till they hold!
How the mules fret at the load when the wagons start
Stretching the traces from lashes that scold!

"God! What a fierce barrage!
There goes a team at large!
Where is that transport sarge?
Finding a hole?"

Never a chance to run for cover,
This is the way he puts them over—

"Bring on that set o' spares!
Pull off them murdered mares!
Hitch on two other pairs
And fix that pole!"

"Now—one at a crack as I give you the sign,
Dig into her ribs and shoot for the line!
Or find yourself drivin' a limber in hell
And ball up my dope on the drops of the shell!"

Close enough now, for a shot from a gunner's nest
To warn you that Fritz is sniping out there—
Close enough now, for a whisper to give you rest
To last you a while with never a care!

. . . . . .

"Sir! Your rations are delivered!"

. . . . . .

Oh, it's welcome to the dawn, lad,
When the night is long,
For here's an empty cart, lad,
That sings a lively song!

Who would be part of the transport on a far flung battle line,
With never a thrill of battle, with never a lip to whine?

But, oh, there's a song in a limber
That stirs the blood, my lad,
And swinging along with the rations
Is never one-half so bad,
For the glare and the gleam of a star shell
And a teamster's gay "gid-dap"
Hold enough for the life of a soldier
For the blood of a nervy chap.
And a lad lives close to his God, my lad,
And, lo, his heart is true,
For it takes a person of parts, my lad,
To get the rations through!

J. PALMER CUMMINGS, R.S.S. 305th Inf.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

POPPIES

Poppies in the wheat fields on the pleasant hills of France,
Reddening in the summer breeze that bids them nod and dance;
Over them the skylark sings his lilting, liquid tune—
Poppies in the wheat fields and all the world in June.

Poppies in the wheat fields on the road to Monthiere—
Hark, the spiteful rattle where the masked machine guns play!

Over them the shrapnel's song greets the summer morn—
Poppies in the wheat fields—but, ah, the fields are torn.

See the stalwart Yankee lads, never ones to blench,
Poppies in their helmets as they clear the shallow trench,
Leaping down the furrows, with eager, boyish tread
Through the poppied wheat fields to the flaming woods ahead.

Poppies in the wheat fields as sinks the summer sun,
Broken, bruised and trampled—but the bitter day is won;
Yonder in the woodland where the flashing rifles shine,
With their poppies in their helmets, the front files hold the line.

Poppies in the wheat fields; how still beside them lie
Scattered forms that stir not when the star shells burst on high;
Gently bending o'er them beneath the moon's soft glance,
Poppies of the wheat fields on the ransomed hills of France.

JOHN MILLS HANSON, Captain, F.A.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

MY DOG

I found him in a shell hole,
With a gash across his head
Crouching down beside his master
Who he must have known was dead.

Hell was popping all about us
So we stayed there through the fight
Got to sort o' like each other
Through the mis'ry of that night.

He has fleas; I have cooties;
  He speaks French; I no "compree";
So the rule of fifty-fifty goes
  Between my dog and me.

You wouldn't say he's handsome,
  He's been wounded several times;
But when we boys go over,
  Over with us Frenchie climbs.

And when the Boche is gassing
  And we want to test the air,
We try it on my dog first,
  But he doesn't seem to care.

He gets no blessé medals,
  No Distinguished Service bar,
But just our admiration,
  Doubled by each honored scar.

And when the war is over,
  And to our homes we go,
My dog is going back with me—
  What's mine is his, you know.
  SERGEANT F. C. MCCARTHY, Aero Squadron.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

THE DEBT

My pals are all around me,
  It seems like a horrible dream,
But there goes my Buddie damn bad hit,
  I go mad when I hear his scream.

My blood boils up in red, red rage,
And I lose the last of my will;
I'm turned to beast and mad man,
And my cry is to kill—to kill.

I rage and mutter all the night,
And wait for the break of day;
For my mind is mad with that one thought,
They must repay!—repay!

. . . . . .

You've gone, so why should I lie
And say that life's worth while,
When gladly I'd join you where you are,
Just to see once again your smile.

I'll try my best to square the debt,
But, Pal, it can never be done,
So may you rest in peace o'er here
'Neath the new-made cross that you've won.

L. C. McCollum.

From "History and Rhymes of the Lost Battalion."
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POST CARDS

I saw a white thing sticking out
Of his breast pocket. It might be
Something worth while, I thought, and
I took it. It was post cards, three—
One of a woman, one a kid,

And one, himself, beside a chair,
In uniform. The sort they take
Back home at any county fair—
Take them and print them while you wait.

He had a pleasant smile, and looked
Clean, decent, just the sort you meet
Running a little corner store,
Or carrying tools along the street.
I wish I hadn't shot so quick;
But I was pretty sore. You see,
He came close, yelling "Kamerad,"
And then he threw a bomb at me.

RALPH LINTON, Colonel, 149th F.A.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

THE FIELD OF GLORY

No flower, but thorny fires that prick the vision;
No grass, but clods as blank and gray as death;
Monster growths of blackly writhing smoke-spray
Shedding sickly scents that cut the breath.

No bees, but humming whining unseen hornets;
No birds, but something vast that rocks the air;
Thunders, as when chaos baulked creation;
Silences, as pallid as despair.

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER.

From "Hours of France," published by E. P. Dutton & Company.
Reprinted by special permission of the author. "Hours of France" is out of print but a new edition of Mr. Mowrer's poems will be published shortly.

THE STRETCHER BEARERS

While they're passin' round these Croix de Guerres an' D.S.C.'s an' such,
There's a guy I'd like to recommend—he isn't mentioned much.
His job is nothin' fancy, an' he doesn't get much fame,
He is just a stretcher bearer, but, believe me, Bo, he's game.
(Who am I? Why, just a doughboy. Perhaps you know my rep.)
An' I used to kid the Pill Brigade for gettin' out of step;
But since we had this war of ours, I've seen what they can do,
An' perhaps this little story may explain my change of view.

I was lyin' there one morning, with my nose jammed in the dirt,
While the bullets all around me made the tiny dust-clouds spurt;
Just a-wishin' I was thinner, an' a-longin' to be home,
Or any place away from there, from Mexico to Nome.
My pal was lyin' wounded, up a hundred yards ahead,
An' I knew we couldn't reach him, so I gave him up for dead;
But two stretcher bearers started, an' I figgered they was gone;
Still they never hesitated—just went on, and on, and on.
They just sort o' hunched their shoulders like it was a shower of rain,
An' they went out to my buddy—an' they brought him back again.

It's not so hard to face the Boche an' let him shoot at you,
When you've got an automatic an' can do some shootin' too,

But those two boys went marchin' out, without a single chance
Except to push up daisies in some sunny field in France.
They saw their job an' did it, without any fuss or talk,
Just as calmly an' serenely as you'd start out fer a walk.
Believe me, that takes courage, an' I'll hand it to them, then,
You may call them non-combatants, but they're soldiers and they're men.

FRANK G. TILLSON.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

WHEN THE BLESSÉS CAME IN

When the Blessés came in
  Were there curses and groaning
Striking loud through the din—
  Was there shrieking and moaning?
No, No;
  They came with a jest
  Or a tale of the fight
Though it must be confessed
  They did strive with all might
To be brave, and their joking
  Was forced just a bit.
"I don't fancy croaking,"
  Said one lad. "I'm hit
In a million places
  Each one of them bad,
But the sight of your faces
  Sure makes me feel glad;

Just watch me get well
  And don't talk about hearses.
Stuck on a nurse? Hell!
  I love all the nurses!"

That's how they came in,
  With a "Sergeant, how's tricks?"
"How's your old liver, Lin?
  Say you're in a fix
With that meat hook half gone
  And your foot all messed up,
But you'll still carry on
  You ol' devil-dog's pup!"

Some were quiet and resting,
  War weary, shell torn;
Some smiled at the jesting
  With a hero's high scorn
Of the weakness of sorrow—
  Despair's foolish sin,
All with hopes for the morrow—
  That's how they came in.

CHARLES NICHOLLS WEBB.

From *The Stars and Stripes* (1920).
Reprinted by permission of *The National Tribune and Stars and Stripes.*

THE COLORS OF BLIGHTY

The shades of red an' white an' blue
Mean rather more to me an' you,
Than just parades an' bands an' such
An' hollerin' loud an' talking much.

The wounds are dark and red—
  All jagged-red in Blighty:
And untamed hearts are red
Where, stretching bed on bed,
Lies lax each weary head,
    In Blighty.

The walls are blank and white—
  All fresh and white in Blighty;
And cheeks are gaunt and white,
Where through the endless night
They fight the second fight,
    In Blighty.

Outside the skies are blue—
  Soft, cloud-flecked blue o'er Blighty.
But clear relentless blue
Of purpose stretched anew
Lies there revealed to you
  In every eye in Blighty.

The shades of red an' white an' blue
Mean rather more to me an' you,
Than just parades an' bands an' such
An' hollerin' loud an' talking much.

ERWIN CLARKSON GARRETT.

From "Trench Ballads and Other Verses," John C. Winston Company.
By special permission of the author.

Mr. Garrett is perhaps better known by a later book containing military poems, "Io Triumphe and Other Verses" (John C. Winston Company), but as this book was published much later than 1919 it could not be represented here.

TO AN INFIRMIÈRE

My hurt?—It is better now,
But I love to pretend that it's not.
It doesn't much matter how
I got it—'twere better forgot.
Days since was I discharged
From that weary abode of pain.
When I complained I enlarged
On the truth.—Just to see you again!
The wound needed care, so I said,
(Though it scarcely pained me at all
But I pointed the place where it bled)
So they said I had better call
At the hospital day and night
For a dressing. Ah, well I knew
There was no one there who could quite
Take care of my wound like you.
So my little ruse succeeded;
But it wasn't medical care:
'Twas the sight of your face I needed:
I knew that I'd find you there.
I wanted the touch of your hand
And the tender look of your eyes
As you carefully wound the band—
So clever, you were, and so wise!
Asking me (full of concern)
If it hurt, till I wished that it did,
Wished for some horrible burn,
I'd enjoy the pain that I hid.
And then how sweet was your smile
As your deft little fingers smoothed
The bandage, solicitous, while,
I waited and watched and approved.

But the crowning joy of it all
Was when you buttoned my coat.
How pretty you were, and how small,
As you reached to fasten the throat!
And how I waited to hear
Your voice in its accents sweet,
So full of music and clear,
Say to me, "Voilà, mon petit!"
And I wanted somehow to be good
When you smiled me an "au revoir"
And I saw you there as you stood
And knew what good women are.

D. D., Réserve Mallet.

From the "History of the American Field Service" published by Houghton Mifflin. Reprinted by special permission of Henry Sleeper, owner of the copyright.

TO WALTER FLATO

We're standin' at attention, and our heads we're holdin' high.
We're handin' out a real salute, Old Bunk, as you go by.
The Captain's lookin' straight ahead, the column's awful still,
As the litter that's a-carryin' you, goes creepin' up the hill.

The flag that's on the box you're in, makes all our feelin's worse,
'Cause it has the squeakin' litter lookin' mighty like a hearse,
And I'm wonderin' if you're laughin' at the feelin's of a guy,
As the litter that's a-carryin' you goes wheelin' slowly by.

Lloyd Thomas, Lightning Division.

From "Barrack Bag Ballads."

"SMILER"

They called him "Smiler" over there,
And we who knew him know
Just what his sunshine meant to them
When days were black and nights aglow
With bombs that blew their works away,
And men to bite; his smile was glad
In face of death—a snatch of heaven
Out there in hell where men went mad.

"He lost his life," they say,
But we who knew him know
He gave his life, his friends, his work,
His hopes laid by—the first to go—
He gave his all that we might be
As free to live and work and play
As in the days before we knew
Why Christ ascended Calvary.

Where poppies grow his body lies,
But we who knew him know
Not guns of men nor fangs of beasts
Can e'er destroy the living glow
Of love his smile spread 'long the path
Of us, who walked a way with him;
And basked awhile in sunshine rare
And learned to smile, though eyes were dim.

CHARME SEEDS.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

The poem above was dedicated to the memory of Lawrence Yerges of the 26th Division, who was killed in action in October, 1918.

SHE'S MY GIRL

I got a letter
Yesterday
An' it said
That she (She's my girl)—
An' it said
That she just heard
That I was in the hospital
An' both
My arms were shot off.
An' she (She's my girl)—
An' she said
She was prostrated
And that she'd
Take care of me,
When I got back,
Dearest.
An' it was signed
Helen,
An' she's my girl
An' I ain't
In the hospital,
An' both my arms
Are on.
But she
Can take care of me
When I get back.
An' besides,
I'll show her
That my arms
Ain't shot off

When I
Get home.

G. A. C.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

THE RAINDROPS ON THE OLD TIN HAT

The mist hangs low and quiet on a ragged line of hills,
There's a whispering of the wind across the flat,
You'd be feeling kind of lonesome if it wasn't for one thing—
The patter of the raindrops on your old tin hat.

An' you just can't help a-figuring—sitting there alone—
About this war and hero stuff and that,
And you wonder if they haven't sort of got things twisted up,
While the rain keeps up its patter on your old tin hat.

When you step off with the outfit to do your little bit
You're simply doing what you're s'posed to do—
And you don't take time to figure what you gain or lose—
It's the spirit of the game that brings you through.

But back at home she's waiting, writing cheerful little notes,
And every night she offers up a prayer;
And just keeps on a-hoping that her soldier boy is safe—
The mother of the boy who's over there.

And, fellows, she's the hero of this great big ugly war,
And her prayer is on the wind across the flat,
And don't you reckon maybe it's her tears, and not the rain
That's keeping up the patter on your old tin hat?

LIEUTENANT J. HUNTER WICKERSHAM,
353d Inf.

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly.*

Lt. Wickersham was killed in the St. Mihiel offensive shortly after writing this poem.

TO THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE

I wish you, children, playing round
On this too rudely tramped ground,
Only the good things I would send
To all the children I befriend.

But one wish circles all; to know
Little of what your elders do,
And somehow into the sunlight grow
Out of the mists they stumble blindly through!

R. R. KIRK, G2 S.O.S.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

FEELIN' FINE

In memory of Private Howard Shankle, Company D, 166th Infantry, who died in hospital from wounds received in action.

"Feelin' fine!" were the words, I know,
That gave him strength to fight as though
He liked it for the fighting's sake;
To hike without a curse; to make
Homesick hours unknown; to live
A day without a fear; to give
His blanket for a buddy's need
Rather than his own to heed.

Of this I'm sure, because that day
With life a burden in his way,
With body burned inside and out
A withered mummy, and no doubt
But that his laughing eyes had ceased
Fore'er to shine; his words released

Their old-time ring of joyful cheer
When "Feelin' fine," I bent to hear.

They speak of heroes in this war
Whose courage, vim and valor bore
Us on to victory's happy day;
But there's a word I'd like to say,
"They never had a thing on him.
He won the fight of cashin' in
By writin' Satan just a line
And simply sayin', "Feelin' fine!"

N. G. PETERS, Sergeant Sanitary
Train, 166th Inf.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

SALVATION ARMY LASS

She didn't join
To make some coin;
For sake of fun or spree.
She didn't roam
Away from home
And comforts cross the sea.
She didn't haft
To dodge the draft,
Though she's but twenty-three.
She came because
She thought it was
The place she ought to be.

She's where the boys
Make lots of noise

And shells make lots of gas;
She always meets
With lots of eats
The wounded as they pass.
She smiles at all
The big and small
She never gives no sass.
She's our best bet,
Our little pet—
Salvation Army Lass.

CHARLE D. BOURCIER, 1st Lieutenant, Infantry.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

CASUALS

They straggled down the highway
Where the whitethorn bushes grow,
And some were laughing, some were whistling,
Some were limping slow;
And all of them had heard the guns
And felt the shrapnel fly.
"Hey, Jack!" one shouted down the road,
"What outfit's going by?"

Lay off that stuff! You got us wrong; we're not an outfit yet;
We're sort of strolling soldiers that the bulletins forget;
But just the same we've won their ground, by keelo and by mile,
And filled the gaps in thinning lines and shattered rank and file.

We own no dandy regiment, no regiment owns us,
We're military waifs they send to any kind of fuss.
Today we're hiking orphans who tomorrow may be thrown
Among the best battalion of the umpty-seventh's own.

We've come from convalescent camp, from flatfoot farm and ward,
We've passed before examiners, the disability board:
We're A's or B's or C's or D's; as such we got our fates.
The D's—the lucky, helpless boys—will beat us to the States!

Artillery, machine gun crew, marines, doughboys and all,
Oh, why do some march faster, and others barely crawl?
Why, some of us are fit again, for cooties, mud, and hell,
And some of us have got a limp where certain bullets fell.

Artillery, machine gun crew, marines, doughboys, and tanks,
Who linger picking berries on the bushy wayside banks,
The Red Cross bags you're swinging, is that your only pack?
The less you've got to tote around, the less you worry, Jack.

Pierrette, the dark, the laughing maid; Pierrette, with blue-black eyes,
Why are you up so early, when the dawn is in the skies?
Pulling switches, setting signals, in the hut beside the track,
To help papa, the *chef de gare,* send all the soldiers back.

Baptiste, the Spanish vender, with a shawl around his neck—
What brings you, basket-laden, here, and what do you expect?

The troops are going out, they say, there's every kind and rank,
And I, *Monsieur,* will give them grapes, *comme ca,* for half a franc.

Artillery, machine gun crew, marines, doughboys, and all,
What cars do you go riding in, and is there dinner call?
They're side door Pullmans, probably, *hommes* forty, *chevaux* eight—
I'd rather be the horses, they can eat without a plate. . . .
No blankets or a mess-kit—some fingers and a knife,
A very pretty story when I come to tell the wife,
Corn Willie's on for breakfast, Corn Willie suppers too,
And save the old tomato cans, when coffee stops are due.

Baptiste is selling nuts. Pierrette is pushing through the crowd,
Pierrette, the dark, the laughing maid; and bells are ringing loud.
The soldiers throng the doorway as she runs into the hut.
Pierrette kicks off a wooden shoe to let them crack a nut.

We've never seen a home in France
Or seen our barracks bag,
We've never had a Colonel
We could sing about or brag,
We've never had addresses
That a fellow's girl could find,
We've never had a home—
Except the one we left behind!

CHARLES DIVINE.

From *Books and the Book World, New York Sun.*
By special permission of the author.

THE LEGIONNAIRE SPEAKS

I've just come back from the swamp land,
From the land of muck and mire,
Where the earth is a ditch of blood and pitch
And iron and flesh and fire.
I've been up to my knees in waters that freeze
And suck out the lives of men;
While the shells shriek by till you pray to die—
And I'm going back again.

I'm a fool, you say? Let another pay—
I've done my bit? Not I;
For the things I know of the Prussian foe
Will haunt me till I die.
So what is the use, while manhood's juice
Is still in my flesh and blood,
Of trying to stay back here and play
With the slacker and the "dud"?

So it's France for me, the Land of the Free,
The land that is free from the curse
Of men who are dead, for, when honor is fled,
Men are dead while they live, which is worse
Than to suffer and fall at the clarion call
Of Liberty, Justice and Truth,
So swear me again; I hear you want men—
I give you my all—my Youth!

SERGEANT LEON A. DE YOUNG,
Supply Train.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

BON CAMARADE

We both were tramping the same way
And both were glad of the golden weather.
He spoke no English; I could say
Ten words of French. We walked together.

We both were proud that we fought for France
And called each other "Camarade."
He left at length with a gay "Bon chance,"
And all the cigarettes I had.

RALPH LINTON, Colonel, 149th F. A.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

EN REPOS

There's no fit word of any tongue,
There's neither rhyme nor prose,
To express the ennui of the men
When the section's *en repos!*

It's a fearful kind of lassitude
That takes them in its grasp,
And neither cigarettes nor drink
Will loose that binding clasp,

. . . . .

When there's work he's well contented,
When there's not, then trouble brews,
And he kicks and frets and fumes about
With a chronic case of blues.

A rumor starts him kicking,
The papers drive him wild,
The officers find him crankier
Than a sick and howling child!

But send him out on the road again
And keep him there for days,
He's a different man than he was before
In a thousand different ways.

He's happy and he's well content,
He whistles while he works.
When it's meal time he is hungry
And at orders never shirks.

To keep your men all happy,
A recipe by all who know,
Just work them hard and often,
And beware when *en repos*.

R. MORRISON YOUNG, T.M.U. 184.

From the "History of the American Field Service" published by Houghton Mifflin. Reprinted by special permission of Henry Sleeper, owner of the copyright.

A FIRST-CLASS PRIVATE

I haven't a worry or a care—
My mind's "at ease" and furled:
For I'm a First-Class Private,
And I'm sitting on the World.

The Loot, before the whole platoon,
  He up and called me forth
To drill my squad, "Squads east" and "west,"
  Not mentioning south or north.

To drill my squad, "Squads round-about"
For all the World to see—
For I'm a First-Class Private and
That's good enough for me.

The Loot he is a dandy man
And all that kind of thing,
And I know he wants to see how I
A corporal's job could swing:
But back here in a "rest town,"
It just means dirty work
And *I* must take the bawling out
For what the squad my shirk.

'Tis I they'd turn and eye with scorn
If some gun wasn't clean;
'Tis I would play the wet nurse,
For a rookie *none* could wean;
And if a pair of frozen shoes
Makes Smith miss reveille,
It isn't Smith, or "Sunny France,"
It's me, yes, dammit, me.

So forth I take the Squad to drill,
With ne'er a fault or slip;
But a smile is in my glance, forsooth,
And a jest is on my lip,
A-kidding with each friend o' mine—
And the Loot was never fain
To try to make a non-com
Of Private Me again.

Oh, nothing, oh, no, nothing
May your resolution shake,
When you're a First-Class Private
And you know you're sitting Jake.

ERWIN CLARKSON GARRETT.

From "Trench Ballads and Other Verses." John C. Winston Company. By special permission of the author.

I LOV ZE COWS ET CHEEKENS

TUNE—*This Is the Life*

J'aime bien les vaches et poulets,
Tel est la vie, oh, tel est la vie.
J'aime mieux enlever le diable
Quand le fanfar jou, quand je suis avec vous.
J'aime bien cet très bon vin rouge,
Mais je prefère champagne
Pas un frais remasser,
Moi pour le "cocktail cherry."
Tel est la vie, oh, tel est la vie,
Tel est la vie pour moi.

"F" Company, 10th Engineers Forestry.

By courtesy of H. T. Gisborne and Sergeant Melvin Bradner.

"Rendered into French for the periodic Saturday night and Sunday morning return from Levier to Camp Ronde."

H. T. G.

SYSTÈME "D"

This war is for "morals" we often are told,
For honor and justice and right,
It's a "soulful uplifter," it "brings out the best,"
It "leads us from darkness to light."

But all of this talk about morals and such
Is compromised some, you will see,
By that prevalent habit of take it, or nab it,
Which is called by the French,
Système "D."

When up at the front on some duty or other,
And there's nothing to do, and you snooze,
And a real pleasant *poilu* with manners quite perfect
Drops in and departs with your shoes;
When your *essence* is stolen, or cooks sell your *pinard*
To *poilus* who want a cheap spree,
Though perhaps not delighted, you don't get excited;
It's a part of the game,
Système "D."

When your tools are all taken, you do not report it,
But tap some one else's full set;
When the *Chef* takes your coal, you take some one else's,
(The kitchen's a pretty good bet!)
And so it goes on from the General down,
And adjusts itself quite equally,
This uplift of wartime, this shoplift of no crime,
This nice moral game,
Système "D."

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70.

From the "History of the American Field Service" published by Houghton Mifflin. Reprinted by special permission of Henry Sleeper, owner of the copyright.

AFTER THE BATTLE

The doughboy swung back from the fight
The hard fought battle won;
And in his eyes a shining light
Out-gleamed the noonday sun;
Did he then boast about the fray
And tell each "why" and "how"?
The only thing I heard him say
Was "Where the hell's the chow?"

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

A COOTIFUL DREAM

There's a dream that comes to me sometimes
When angels stand at my bed,
A vision that's so beatific
There's nothing left to be said.
I bask in its golden wonder
Like some Arabian night,
This dream that comes to me sometimes
To me in my cootiful plight.

I dream that somewhere there's water,
Just gobs and gobs in a tub;
That steams like geysers in action
And towels, yes, Turkish, to rub
My crusted frame to a pinkness,
And Ivory that's practically pure—
And I fall to hunting the cooties
And pray for my dream to endure.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Why is it that from yonder tower
The Colonel's lamp is beaming still
Though it is past the midnight hour
And all's serene o'er vale and hill?
'Tis not the wisdom of the sages
Nor army lore his mind enchants;
On earthlier task his mind engages
He's sewing buttons on his pants.

O. H. F.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

BUDDIES O' MINE

You were right, Mr. Wm. T. Sherman,
When you uttered that message divine,
For only today I have laid them away—
These two little buddies of mine.

We had crossed in a transport from Gotham
To the land that the papers call France;
We had buddied together in any old weather,
Together we'd taken our chance.

And many a time in our hiking
When I was unable to crawl,
They carried the pack that was slung on my back—
With never a kick at it all.

Rugged, they were, tough and sturdy—
Though maybe they never would shine
In a high-brow café on the rue de Broadway,
They were genuine buddies of mine.

And now that their duty is finished
The thought that is left to console
Is: though they were rough, they were made of real stuff,
And each of them harbored a sole.

So thus, when the snow fell this morning
And keen as a whip was the air,
My buddies checked in—to a fat sergeant's grin
Who issued me then a new pair.

JOHN P. C. BRIGGS, A.P.O. 795.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

IN HEAVEN, TOO!

I wonder, is some special saint
  Or angel detailed from above
To keep a record of the good
  It does me to possess your love?

The work would be too much for one—
  He'd have no time for harp and hymn—
I guess they run a roster on
  The seraphim and cherubim.

J. L. D.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

THE DOUGHBOYS OF ARGONNE

While "Stuttering Auntie" chattered through the forest of Argonne
And hanging mists fought back the light of day,
They joked about the speed of the barrage that led them on
And wondered if the tanks would find the way.

The mortar shells in front of them, the shrapnel burst above
Their comrades sinking quietly to the ground.
The thought of duty held them and they felt nor hate nor love,
But bravely fought, and won and held their ground.

They rested on the hillside as the evening shadows grew,
And "Stuttering Auntie" chattered on ahead,
And he who'd lost his bunkie, feeling just a little blue,
Crawled round on hands and knees to find his dead.

And some will travel homeward to the bright land of their birth
And some will sleep upon the ground they won.
But while we cherish freedom in the nations of the earth
We won't forget "the doughboys of Argonne."

P. K.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

PRIVATE JONES, A.E.F.

"Who is the boy and what does he do, and what do the gold stripes mean?
And why is his mouth so grim and hard while those eyes of his are a-dream?
Only a private soldier, eh, and he holds his head that high?
Putting on airs a bit, I'd say, nothing about him that's shy.

"He's been through hell three times, you say, and turned up with a grin?
He's faced the great unknown so much it holds no fear for him?

He's seen the highest lights of life and deepest shadows too?
He knows what glory means when mixed with mud, red blood and blue?

"He's slept in the slush and rain and hummed a tune as the big guns barked?
He's eaten a single meal a day, and kept rag-time in his heart?
He's fallen three times, you say, in the dark with limp still things around,
And he called the nurse 'kid' and asked her to help him get back to that ground?

"No wonder the mouth is grim and set, no wonder the eyes a-dream;
The best and worst in life and death the plain buck private's seen.
Ah, well, I suppose he'd like to quit and get an easier job.
No? Not he? He told you, you say, he wouldn't trade bunks with God?"

WILLIAM I. ENGLE, Private, Infantry.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Red were her lips, as I pressed them to mine
Warm as her tender heart—sweeter than wine.
White were the soft cheeks, wet with her tears—
Tears born of sorrow and womanly fears.
Blue with the blueness of night sky and sea
Were the eyes of the woman that God gave to me.

M. L.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

UN BLESSÉ À MONTAUVILLE

"Un blessé à Montauville—urgent!"
Calls the sallow-faced téléphoniste.
The night is as black as hell's black pit,
There's snow on the wind in the east.

There's snow on the wind, there's rain on the wind,
The cold's like a rat at your bones;
You crank your car till your soul caves in,
But the engine only moans.

The night is as black as hell's black pit;
You feel your crawling way
Along the shell-gutted, gun-gashed road—
How—only God can say.

The "Hundred-twenties" and "Seventy-fives"
Are bellowing on the hill;
They're playing at bowls with big trench-mines
Down at the Devil's mill.

Christ! Do you hear that shrapnel tune
Twang through the frightened air?
The *Boches* are shelling on Montauville—
They're waiting for you up there!

"Un blessé—urgent? Hold your lantern up
While I turn the damned machine!
Easy, just lift him easy now!
Why the fellow's face is green!"

"Oui ça ne dure pas longtemps, tu sais."
"Here, cover him up—he's cold!
Shove the stretcher—it's stuck! That's it—he's in!"
Poor chap, not twenty years old.

"Bonsoir, messieurs—à tout à l'heure!"
And you feel for the hell-struck road.
It's ten miles off to the surgery,
With Death and a boy for your load.

Praise God for that rocket in the trench,
Green on the ghastly sky—
That camion was dead ahead!
Let the *ravitaillement* by!

"Courage, mon brave! We're almost there!"
God, how the fellow groans—
And you'd give your heart to ease the jolt
Of the ambulance over the stones.

Go on, go on, through the dreadful night—
How—only God He knows!
But now he's still! Aye, it's terribly still
On the way a dead man goes.

"Wake up, you swine asleep! Come out!
Un blessé—urgent—damned bad!"
A lamp streams in on the blood-stained white
And the mud-stained blue of the lad.

"Il est mort, m'sieu!" "So the poor chap's dead?"
Just there, then, on the road
You were driving a hearse the hell-black night,
With Death and a boy for your load.

O dump him down in that yawning shed,
A man at his head and feet;
Take off his ticket, his clothes, his kit,
And give him his winding sheet.

It's just another *poilu* that's dead;
You've hauled them every day
Till your soul has ceased to wonder and weep
At war's wild wanton play.

He died in the winter dark, alone,
In a stinking ambulance,
With God knows what upon his lips—
But in his heart was France!

EMERY POTTLE, S.S.U. 2.

Pont-à-Mousson,
December 1915.

From the "History of the American Field Service" published by Houghton Mifflin. Reprinted by special permission of Henry Sleeper, owner of the copyright.

LINES TO A DISCONSOLATE BUDDY

Well, if you've lost your sweetheart, Bill,
Remember, there's the sea,
Remember, there are Roman pines
And fragrant China tea,
Scented like silks and sandal wood
And poppies from Candy.

Yet is the sprawling desert fierce
And clean with smarting light
From sharp Sierras where we watched
Sombrero'd bandits fight;
And bandits there are still, old Bill,
If you go looking right.

Tequila hasn't lost its sting
Nor pipes their honest taste;
As you ride home across the range,
Coyotes make a waste

Of dismal howling when black clouds
Across the moon are chased.

The rough caress of winter winds,
The biplane's soothing roll,
Softness of puppies, spring grass, snow,
And 'possum roasted whole,
The obvious fun of fishing
For black bass with a pole.

The world is full of joy, Bill,
And full of things to see,
Fantastic, new, and beautiful
To such as you and me—
But mostly, there are ships, old top,
As fair as any she.

GREG.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

A TOAST BEFORE "GOING UP"

I hear a glass that tinkles, touching mine,
A fancy dances to my breast,
And drowns my lips in giddy ruddy wine
Till Youth knows not of Placid Rest!

Oh, give me but the tinsel and the gauze,
A woman's kiss, a whispering sigh,
Some little bits of Love and Life, because
Tomorrow needs its men to die!

J. PALMER CUMMING.

From "Me—an' War Goin' On!"
By special permission of the Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, owners of the copyright.

BACK TO THE LINE

Trampin' along through the darkness,
  Splashin' my way through the rain,
With a chafin' pack slung on my back,
  Bound for the trenches again.

Flashes o' light in the distance,
  Splotches o' red in the sky,
The sound of a shell creatin' hell
  In a convoy creepin' by.

Our line moves on like a shadow,
  Pushin' its way through the wreck,
Each man in his place, rain in his face,
  And streamin' cold down his neck.

Silent and grave, movin' forward,
  Each havin' thoughts all his own,
As we tramp the path o' the War Lord's wrath,
  Where the fires o' hell are blown.

Dreamin' o' home an' the old folks,
  An' the fields o' yellow grain,
An' the old rock spring, an' everything—
  Bound for the trenches again.

SERGEANT FAIR.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*
Reprinted in *The American Sentinel,* Archangel, Russia.

ON PASSING THE RHEIMS CATHEDRAL AT TWILIGHT

Over the crumbled bas-reliefs,
Exquisite stories of saintly griefs,

Grandeur wrecked beyond belief,
Drips the rain.

Through the shattered windows sweep
The rain gusts; in the twilight deep,
The tall, majestic towers sleep,
Defiant still.

But, out of the low-hung graying skies
Rain drops fall in the Virgin's eyes
And she weeps anew, with the gust that sighs,
God's tears.

D. D., Réserve Mallet.

From the "History of the American Field Service" published by Houghton Mifflin. Reprinted by special permission of Henry Sleeper, owner of the copyright.

JUST THINKING

Standin' up here on the fire-step,
  Lookin' ahead in the mist,
With a tin hat over your ivory
  And a rifle clutched in your fist;
Waitin' and watchin' and wonderin'
  If the Hun's comin' over tonight—
Say, aren't the things you think of
  Enough to give you a fright?

Things you ain't even thought of
  For a couple o' months or more;
Things that 'ull set you laughin',
  Things that 'ull make you sore;

Things that you saw in the movies,
  Things that you saw on the street,
Things that you're really proud of,
  Things that are—not so sweet.

Debts that are past collectin',
  Stories you hear and forget,
Ballgames and birthday parties,
  Hours of drill in the wet;
Headlines, recruitin' posters,
  Sunsets 'way out at sea,
Evenings of pay days—golly—
  It's a queer thing, this memory!

Faces of pals in Homeburg,
  Voices of women folk,
Verses you learnt in schooldays
  Pop up in the mist and smoke.
As you stand there grippin' that rifle,
  A-starin', and chilled to the bone,
Wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin',
  Just thinkin' there—all alone!

When will the war be over?
  When will the gang break through?
What will the U. S. look like?
  What will there be to do?
Where will the Boches be then?
  Who will have married Nell?
When's that relief a-comin' up?
  Gosh! But this thinkin's hell!

HUDSON HAWLEY.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

YOUR SOLDIER

It is for you. Through endless nights
Of mud and rain he stubbornly
Plods on, head down, back bent beneath
His pack—on towards the shell-streaked sky
And maddening roar where truth and lies
And love and hate and life and death
All meet in war, red war! He loves
And hates, and so he fights. To all
His love be true. Guard well your heart
And keep the faith. He fights for you!

H. J. L.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

THROUGH THE WHEAT

(The Sergeant's Story)

"There's a job out there before us,"
Said the Captain, kinder solemn;
"There's a crop out there to gather
Through the wheat fields just ahead."
Through the wheat of Château-Thierry
That was soon to hold our column,
"There's a crop out there to gather,"
That was all the Captain said.
(Oh, at dawn the wheat was yellow,
But at night the wheat was red.)

"There's a crop out there to gather—"
And we felt contentment stealin'
Like a ghost from out the shadows
Of a lost, old-fashioned street;

For the crop out there before us
Brought a kinder home-like feelin',
Though the zippin' German bullets
Started hissin' through the wheat.
But it didn't seem to bother
As we slogged along the beat.

"There's snakes here," whooped a private
As the bullets started hissin',
And we saw that Hun machine guns
In the thicket formed our crop;
So we started for the harvest
Where a bunch of them was missin',
But a bunch of them was hittin'
Where we hadn't time to stop.
But we damned 'em to a finish
As we saw a bunkie drop.

So we gathered in the harvest,
And we didn't leave one missin';
(We had gathered crops before this
With as tough a job ahead.)
Through the wheat of Château-Thierry,
With the German bullets hissin',
"There's a crop out there to gather,"
That was all the Captain said.
(Oh, at dawn the wheat was yellow,
But at night the wheat was red.)

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

THAT DOCTOR FELLOW

We never knew he lived until he died
And left a record that was hailed with pride

By those who gazed on him with vague surprise
As comprehension slowly dimmed their eyes.

It seems our boys were in a bit of hell
And being badly splattered up by shell,
And that this doctor fellow, lately made,
Was under fire, dishing out first-aid,

When suddenly across the tarnished grass
The Boches sent in wave on wave of gas
That wrapped around the wounded and the dead,
And brought a gas mask whipping to each head.

It seems he kept the thing upon his face
Until he struck a rather nasty case,
When by the way he cocked his head and peered
They saw the darned contraption interfered.

He jabbed around at random for a while
Then gave it up and with a casual smile
He took and tossed the nagging mask aside
And went on saving lives until he died.

Just calmly went on working in that hell
And coughed and wheezed until at last he fell
And lay there clinging to his old tin hat—
Whoever thought he'd do a thing like that?

And then they picked him up from where he lay
And carried him quite tenderly away
Along with those he'd lost his life to save—
A tilting cross marks out another grave.

THORNE SMITH.

From "Haunts and By Paths."
By special permission of the author and the Frederick A. Stokes Company.
"Haunts and By Paths" is now out of print.

REQUIEM

Good-bye, pal; I don't know where you're camping now;
Whether you've pitched your tent 'neath azure skies,
Or whether o'er your head bleak storm winds blow.
I only know
That when they sounded final taps for you,
Something within my heart died, too.

. . . . . .

So here, close by this cross,
That marks your final blighty,
My solitary bunk I'll make;
And in the solemn quietude of night,
As if your spirit borne on angel wings,
Had come to me again from distant shadow lands,
I'll talk to you of old, familiar things.
And dream you're at my side,
Returned from travels wide.

. . . . . .

Feign would I sound for me a lone retreat,
And build my dugout close by, nigh to yours—
Save that I even now can hear you plead,
"Advance! Advance! and carry on
What we that have gone west, have left undone."
And so I'll carry on for me, for you—
I'll plug for two.
And when will dawn the day of days,
When all will triumph that is good and true,
And peace on earth will reign for evermore,
I reckon then'll be done my target score.

. . . . . .

It won't be long before I come to you—
My place is in the front rank now,
And I am going to plug for two—for two.

FRA GUIDO, F.A.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

THE VANGUARD

You are members of the outfit,
  You are servants of the gun,
And you follow through the wheat fields
  To the blasting of the Hun.

But the members, ah, the members
  Who are the outfit's heart!
Who have signed the roll forever
  And who never may depart!

But who lead you now and always,
  With the caisson and the gun,
Through the wheat and through the poppies
  To the blasting of the Hun.

Those whose names abide eternal,
  Written large, in mem'ry sweet—
They're the lads you left behind you
  With the poppies in the wheat.

. . . . .

And always will you see them
  With the caisson and the gun,
Ever pushing on before you
  To the blasting of the Hun.

Where the white chalk road goes winding
Through the silent shell-wrecked town,
Past the cross outside the village,
Through the wheat and o'er the down.

They will guide the caissons onward
And they never will depart.
They have signed the outfit's muster
With the red blood of the heart.

You are members of the outfit,
You, the servants of the gun,
And you follow through the wheat fields
To the blasting of the Hun.

But the vanguard on before you
Whom you follow, as is meet—
They're the lads you left behind you
With the poppies in the wheat.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

ME—AN' WAR GOIN' ON

Me,—a-leadin' a column!
Me,—that women have loved!
Me,—a-leadin' a column o' Yanks, and tracin' her name in the Stars!
Me,—that ain't seen the purple hills before, all mixed in the skies
With gray dawn meltin' to azure there;
Me,—that ain't a poet, growin' poetic;
An' the flash o' the guns on the sky line;
An' red wind—an' France,—

An' Me laughin',—an' War!
An' Slim Jim singin' a song!
An' a lop-eared mule a-kickin' a limber
An' axles, 'thout no grease, hollerin' Maggie at me!
Me,—a-leadin' a column—
An' War goin' on!

Mornin' comin',
An' Me a-leadin' a column
Along o' them from the College,
Along o' them from the streets
An' them as had mothers 'at spiled 'em,
An' them as hadn't—
All a-lovin' names in the stars,—
An' Slim Jim singin' a song—
An' folks to home watchin' 'em, too,
An' Maggie, that never had loved me, lovin' me now,
An' thinkin' and cryin' for Me!
For Me that loved Maggie, that never loved me till now—
With War goin' on!

Mornin' comin'
An' Me a-leadin' a column,—
An' a town in the valley
Round the bend in the road,
An' Ginger strainin' his neck
An' thinkin' o' Picket Lines,—
An' Me an' the rest o' them thinkin' o' Home,
An' Coney just startin' to close at Home,—
An' Maggie mashed in the crowd
An' Me a-leadin' a column,
An' War goin' on!

Me that hollered for water
With a splintered Hell in my side;
Me that have laid in the sun a-cursin' the beggars and stretchers
As looked like they'd never a-come;
Me that found God with the gas at my throat
An' raved like a madman for Maggie,
An' wanted a wooden cross over me!
Me,—an' Slim Jim back o' me singin'
An' tracin' a name in the fade of the stars!

Me, knowin' that some'll be ridin' that's walkin' tonight
Knowin' that some'll never see Broadway again,
An' Red Wine,
An' Little Italy,
An' Maggies like mine—
Me, a-murmurin' a prayer for Maggie,
An' stoppin' to laugh at Slim,
An' shoutin' "To the right o' the road for the swoy-zant-canze,"
Them baby French guns that raises such Hell up the line,
An' marchin'—
An' marchin' by night,
An' sleepin' by day,
An' France,—
An' Red Wine,
An' Me thinkin' o' Home,
Me,—a-leadin' a column
An' War goin' on.

JOHN P. CUMMING, R.S.S., 305th Infantry.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*
This was later published in a book of the same name by the Cornhill Publishing Company of Boston.

AT SUPPERTIME

From burrowed huts below the hill
The smokes of evening fires ascend;
With winter's mist and clammy chill
Odors of burning hemlock blend.

A drowsy thunder mutters low;
Midway the slope four shells explode:
Like flowers of hell, in flame they blow
Where winds a trench in mazy road.

Between its winding walls of brown
Three men had climbed with pails of broth—
Three there had been, two came they down,
Bearing a form beneath a cloth.

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER.

From "Hours of France," published by E. P. Dutton & Company. Reprinted by special permission of the author. "Hours of France" is out of print but a new edition of Mr. Mowrer's poems will be published shortly.

FATHERS SLAIN TO SONS UNBORN

This is the only heritage we give you—
A new world, clean, if blood can make it so.
Would we could stay and watch it, flower-like, blow
Into full glory. Happy are the few
Who thus can linger, watch, and say it grew
As they had hoped. Ourselves, we cannot know
Whether we gained more happiness than woe,
Failed, or achieved the work we tried to do.

Our lives point out the bleeding path we came
And this one thing is certain: Not a bar
Obstructs your silver-winged way. The blame
Is yours, if you stand idle and afar

Until your dazzlingly, splendorous wings grow lame,
And mist has dimmed the shining of your star.

P. M. F., S.S.U. 13.

From the "History of the American Field Service" published by Houghton Mifflin. Reprinted by special permission of Henry Sleeper, owner of the copyright.

A DYING SOLDIER'S PRAYER

The battle rolls away—as my life here
Must soon achieve an even greater sphere.
Upon this yawning threshold, Lord, I view
In awe the change that draws me nearer You.
Yours is the Hand to give, the Hand to take,
And yet I pray You this, for dear Christ's sake:

For my poor comrade here, whose labored breath
Tears through his tortured throat, the peace of death:
For these poor wounded writhing in distress,
The utter balm of deep unconsciousness;
With speedy succor of their hurt, that lie
So wet, forlorn beneath the weeping sky.

. . . . . .

And for my mother—God, allay her pain
With faith her gift has not been made in vain;
Grant for her loneliness bright memories
Of the child who played about her knees;
And for her precious tears, if they should flow,
Lord, give her this acceptance, that I know.

J. B. C., S.S.U. 17.

From the "History of the American Field Service" published by Houghton Mifflin. Reprinted by special permission of Henry Sleeper, owner of the copyright.

DAWN

Across the calm, clear sky of God
A great white glory gleams.
The young men find the altar-stairs
Of world-rapt hopes and dreams.
The Beast shall crumble into dust,
The blood-stained crown will fall
Before the shining armies
Of the Lord, the God of All.

Bow down, oh, ye of high estate,
Bow down, oh, ancient might.
Out of the dim, gray, faithless years
The world moves into light.
The thunder guns that reel the world
Shall sound the mighty call
Before the shining armies
Of the Lord, the God of All.

SHERMAN L. CONKLIN, S.S.U. 17.

From the "History of the American Field Service" published by Houghton Mifflin. Reprinted by special permission of Henry Sleeper, owner of the copyright.

The author of this poem and of several others known to the Field Service, was killed by a shell June 12, 1918, before Montgobert.

TEARS OF GOD

Raindrops falling, falling on the reddened grass
Where through the night battle held full sway;
Like tears of God that drop in pity, then pass
To wash our guilt away.

H. SMALLEY SARSON.

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The music to this song is by Dent Mowrey.

SOLDIERS NEVER FOUND

Lying on the frozen ground,
Soldiers, soldiers never found,
Staring at the smoky skies,
God stoop down and touch their eyes.

Now so helpless, once so bold,
Soldiers, soldiers in the cold.
Master, from thy mercy seat,
Bend and warm their hands and feet.

Hard and rough and cold their beds—
Savior, kneel and ease their heads,
Victims of the last barrage,
God, we leave them in Thy charge.

Short the shift and swift they fell,
Those who gave their lives so well.
Now at last from warfare free,
God, we give them up to Thee.

Make them laugh and love again,
Still their hate and ease their pain
Touch with joy each ragged breast,
Jesus, give them peace and rest.

THORNE SMITH.

From "Haunts and By Paths."
By special permission of the author and the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE WOODS CALLED ROUGE-BOUQUET

I

In the woods they call Rouge-Bouquet
There is a new-made grave today,

Built by never a spade or pick,
Yet covered by earth ten meters thick.

For death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
  Touched his prey—
And left them there—
  Clay to clay,
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they sought to free,
  And fled away.

Now over the grave abrupt and clear,
  Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear;
  Go to sleep—
  Go to sleep—
(Taps sounding in distance)

II

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this spot of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.

Never fear but in the skies
  Saints and angels stand,
Smiling with their holy eyes
  On this new-come band.

St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the arrival on his hair,
And he sees them stand saluting there,
  His stalwart sons;

And Patric, Bridget, and Columbkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
The Gael's blood runs.

And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
From the woods called Rouge-Bouquet,
A delicate sound of bugle notes
That softly say:
Farewell—
Farewell—
(Taps sounding in distance)

L'ENVOI

Comrade true,
Born anew,
Peace to you:
Your soul shall be where the heroes are,
And your memory shine like the morning star,
Brave and dear,
Shield us here—
Farewell!

SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER.

The Stars and Stripes.

This poem was "dedicated to the memory of 19 members of Company 'E' —— Infantry, who made the supreme sacrifice at Rouge-Bouquet, Forest of Parroy, France" on the seventh of March, 1918. It seems to have been intended as a part of the funeral service, but that it was so used, I am inclined to doubt.

On the 30th of the following July, Sergeant Kilmer was killed in action near the Ourcq. He had volunteered his services in order to be in the foremost battalion because his own would not be in the lead that day.

CHAPTER VI

AFTERMATH

THE GUNS ARE STILLED

The guns are stilled; how quiet now
The brown-gray heights and misty plain
After the tumult and the pain;
How tranquil is each leaf and bough,
Wet with the mist—there is no breeze
Nor sound of battle-thunder calling,
Only the drops from the wet trees
Drowsily falling.

W. C. S., JR., S.S.U. 9.

From the "History of the American Field Service" published by Houghton Mifflin. Reprinted by special permission of Henry Sleeper, owner of the copyright.

NOVEMBER 1918

November's misty sunshine on the streets of Paris lay;
The colors of all the Allies from window and wall were gay;
There was laughter and joy in plenty, as, under the autumn sky
I saw, through the Arch of Triumph, the Stars and Stripes go by.

By a band of martial music the fluttering flag was led,
And a column of drab-clad soldiers with rapid rhythmic tread;

And the passing throng of Paris stood rigid, with eyes aflame
As under the Arch of Triumph my country's banner came.

And the hush that was on the people found echo in my breast;
It beat with a deep thanksgiving that our flag from the golden west,
In the fight for human freedom had borne so brave a share
And wherever the wind unfurls it, the heads of men are bare;

That the lads of our drab-clad armies at Trugny and Montfaucon
On the flaming slopes of Mezy, in the hell of the deep Argonne,
Had fought with as fine a courage for the lands where the Hun had trod
As the men of the elder decades who fought for their native sod.

For now, through the misty sunshine that veiled the queenly town
The bronze men over the archway on the passing flag looked down—
The men of Lodi and Jena, and it seemed that their haughty glance
Said: "Flag of the Great Republic, thou, too, art at home in France;

Thou hast won the right in glory on the fields where thy arms have gleamed
To stand with our own Tricolor in the hearts of a race redeemed."

Then the martial music quickened, and a flame on the misty sky—
From the shade of the Arch of Triumph the Stars and Stripes went by.

JOSEPH MILLS HANSON, Captain, F. A.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

TIRED

I'm tired, tired to my very bones;
I long for the end of the day;
And yet, I know that at Taps at night
Another one's on its way.
And the dawn of the next
Brings the same old grind
That bids for the hearts that are stout;
And, I'm wondering, no, it can't be true
That it's guts that are giving out.

Why, the guts that carried me through up front
Are never the ones to slack;
When the job's most done, all but finishing up,
Before we are starting back.
So, I guess that it's just that my dogs are gone
And my pack doesn't ride as it might,
That makes me so glad for the night when it comes,
And makes me afraid of the light.

LLOYD THOMAS, Lightning Division.

Semir, France.

From "Barrack Bag Ballads."

EMBERS

Yes, the time is hanging heavy
For the boats are hauling home—
When you look into the embers,
'Stead o' fire you see the foam
Of a swaying, spraying ocean
And the miles on miles of blue
That are waltzing with the distance
That's between your folks and you.

And you maybe take the bellows
That the Poilus use to blow
Up the lazy, backward blazes
Or the coals that loaf below,
And you're apt to keep on pumping
When the fire is under way,
For the embers are your ocean
And your dream boat's on the way!

In the clinkly crink of embers
There is sound of childish glee
And the curling smoke is laden
With a joyous jubilee.
Sweeter still the vision tempers
And a blue flame simmers low
Where a white one mingles with it
And a mother smiles at you.

But the fagots soon are cinders
And your dream is doomed to naught
When a fuming fire-log flounders
On the heart to break your thought;

And the ocean, realistic
With its ever-churning foam
Stretches in again between you
And the folks that wait at home.

J. CLARENCE EDWARDS, Sergeant,
Headquarters First Army.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*
Reprinted in *The American Sentinel,* Archangel, Russia.

HURRAH FOR THE ENGINEERS!

. . . . . .

No matter what some folks may say
'Twas us that won the war.
The Infantry and Artillery,
They wouldn't have made a score.
The brave M.P., the Q.M.C.,
No wonder they get sore,
Because it was us, they know it was us,
'Twas us that won the war.

C. K. TAYLOR, Headquarters Company, 102nd Engineers.

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly.*

I have used only the concluding stanza.

DARLING, I AM COMING BACK

TUNE—*Silver Threads Among the Gold*

Darling, I am coming back,
Silver threads among the black;
Now that peace in Europe nears,
I'll be back in seven years.

I'll drop in on you some night,
With my whiskers long and white.
Yes, the war is over, dear,
And we're coming home, I hear.

Home again with you once more,
(Say by nineteen twenty-four):
Once I thought by now I'd be
Sailing back across the sea.

Back to where you're pining still,
While I'm here in Is-sur-Tille;
You can hear the gang all curse,
War is hell—but Peace is worse!

When the next war comes around
In the front lines I'll be found.
I'll rush in again pell mell,
Yes, I will—like hell, like hell!

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly*.

What outfit is responsible for this, I am not aware. I have seen three versions, very similar, one of them from Battery C, 148th Field Artillery, A.E.F. It has been attributed to the Third Army which was the army of occupation, but this is a little indefinite if someone is really interested in the author.

SEMPER INFIDELIS

Love, the day has come for parting,
Here our ways divide;
Dry those tears I know are starting,
Soon the waves I'll ride.

Yes, we've been the closest buddies,
Closer than a shirt;
In a land where only mud is,
Mud and dirt.

Oft when aching ennui sank its
Fangs into my heart;
Then you shared my lonely blankets,
Swearing ne'er to part.

But another, cross the water
Patient waits for me;
Though you cheered me through the slaughter,
So, ma chère, did she.

True the word the poet saith,
Full of bitter gall and blight,
"Man is seldom ever faithful
When he's out of sight."

Should you sail across the ocean,
Pillowed on my breast;
You would wake an old emotion
And disturb my rest.

Should you reach my native city
'Twould but cause another pain;
I'd be sent (with language pretty)
Back to France again!

Yes, new hopes are through me coursing,
Though 'tis hard to tell;
Comes the day of my de-lousing—
Cootie, fare thee well!

CASUAL.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

L'ENVOI

So it isn't the doses of quinine,
And it isn't the C.C. pills,
Nor the iodine pictures we've painted
That have cured the most of their ills.

It's the fact that we look like their sweethearts,
Or scold them just like their old dads,
Or mend their torn shirts just like mother
That has cured many homesick young lads.

MARJORIE MACEWAN, Base Hospital 46.

By permission of the *American Legion Monthly*.

HOMESICKNESS

Gotta be a soldier. Gotta stick t' biz—
Gotta keep on marchin' while the marchin' is;
Gotta keep salutin'
Gotta keep in trim;
Bugle keeps on tootin',
Home looks mighty dim.
Gotta keep on stitchin'.
Gotta foller like a lamb—
But, boy, my feet am itchin'
For the feel of Alabam'.

Gotta answer reveille. Gotta stand retreat,
Gotta be K.P. sometimes—soldiers has t' eat;
Gotta keep a-workin'
Jes' like there was war;
Ain't no time for shirkin'
Lots o' jobs in store;

Ain't no time for switchin'
Or lettin' things go slam—
But, boy, my feet am itchin'
For the feel of Alabam'.

Mammy writes she's "waitin' with a possum pie,"
My doggone mouth keeps waterin' till my throat is dry.
Watermelon's handy—
Sugar cake am hot—
Enclosin' love from Mandy—
An' yet a feller's got
T' sweat here in a kitchen
It's all for Uncle Sam,—
But, boy, my feet's sure itchin',
For the feel of Alabam'.

Sometimes, my lips get twitchin'—
Baby that I am—
But, boy, my feet's done itchin'
For the feel of Alabam'.

E. RUTHERFORD, JR., Corporal.

Tours.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

REMINISCENCE

I've pillowed my head in a stable,
I've slept with my back in the mud,
And I've lain down at night
Full of cooties and fright
With my feet in another man's blood.

I've chewed on black bread in a cellar,
  I've fed on bull beef in the woods,
And right here I'll confess
When it came time to mess
  Whatever they had was the goods.

I've wallowed in mud to my boot tops,
  I've ridden thro' rain you could cut,
And I've sat in the sun
Dodging shells from the Hun
  When my caissons were stuck in a rut.

I sweated and swore at Lassigny,
  I swore and I froze at the Marne,
But I warmed at the fire
Of my good colonel's ire
  When I kicked 'cause I slept in a barn.

I've talked Dutch with the Frenchmen at Nancy,
  I've talked French to the Dutch at St. Mihiel,
And I tried Portuguese
On a guy with bare knees
  But I swooned when he answered, "Ah, weel."

I've waded through half of their rivers,
  I've "spotted" from most of their trees,
And I've crawled for a mile
In a quadruped style
  Through the mud on my hands and my knees.

I've taken it all as I found it,
  Whether dished up by Fate or by Chance,
And I know as I write

Though I'm not happy, quite,
I'm damned glad I soldiered in France.
From *The Stars and Stripes* (1920).

Reprinted by permission of *The National Tribune.*

SO LONG, BUD

Well, I s'pose the time has come to say "Good-bye, Bud";
We're goin' home, our work is o'er, we've won.
An' 'fore we part, y' see, I'm gonna try, Bud,
To thank you jes' for what you've been and done.

You've watched me when I lay sick in bed, Bud;
You've slammed me on the back when I was blue,
An' that old slap jes' seemed to do the trick, Bud;
It cheered me up jes' 'cause it came from you.

You've split your coin with me when I was broke, Bud,
An' never ast me where it went or why.
You've took my surly moods as jes' a joke, Bud,
An' things I've said when sore you've let pass by.

You've stood beside me when the shells broke near, Bud,
An' grinned, an' give me courage with that grin,
You've called a steady, cheerin' word, an' fear, Bud,
Jes' left me an' I drove that bay'net in.

Through all the weary days and nights we spent, Bud,
A-sloshin' through the mud an' rain an' sleet;
I know that each bright word from you was meant, Bud,
To keep me up an' on my staggerin' feet.

Well, now, I'm goin' back—she's waitin' yet, Bud,
God bless her—gee, I've missed her over there,
So here's so long to you, an' don't forget, Bud,
I owe a debt to you that I can't square.

COLORADO.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

WAIT AND SEE!

You thought that I thought it romantic,
Just Romeo stuff when I kissed you,
An off-to-the-war movie antic—
You smiled when I wrote how I missed you.

You thought that squads east, the Atlantic,
And distance and war quite convinces
A fellow he ought to grow frantic
And rave of his "Far-away Princess"!

Well, perhaps my farewell was romantic,
And there's nothing to prove that I miss you,
But you'll know it's no movie star's antic
The day that we land, and I kiss you!

H. R. B., Artillery.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

DOUGHBOY TELLS WORLD

After I've slogged in the muck and mire,
After I've smelled the dawn;
After I've looked at a land on fire,
And an empire smashed and shorn;

After I've gone on a soldier's path
  Roaring and Loose and free,
Winning, by luck, through the pit's own wrath
  Do you think you can fetter me?

Think you can fetter me down, I ask,
  To walls and files and ink;
A shiny desk and a stiff-cuffed task
  In a city sans a drink?
After I've harked to the big ones break,
  Ducked to their jagged spray,
Think you can thrill me with tea and cake,
  And the charm of a cabaret?

After I've known but the tent and deck
  Under hot stranger skies,
Think you can collar my bull-like neck,
  Shoe me in toepinch size?
Tie me, perhaps, to a house and wife,
  Make me a shackled man—
Think you can get me to live that life?
  You bet your last centime—you can!

STEWART M. EMERY.

From *The Home Sector.*
By permission of The Butterick Publishing Company.

BALLADE OF THE WEST WIND

Over the vineyards that cover France
  Brown in the cold December days;
Eddying, making the dead leaves dance;
  Parting the curtains of misty haze;

Rocking the boughs in the forest ways;
Bringing a tang of the salty foam;
Steadily, softly a zephyr plays—
And the West Wind blows from Home.

Over the wastes where the war lord's lance
Splintered and broke in furious frays;
Over the ruins of Prussia's chance,
Scene of an Empire's hopeless craze,
The hate-made desert where Freedom's rays
Shine on the shell churned chalk and loam;
Sensing the breezes, a soldier prays—
And the West Wind blows—from Home.

Aiding a Riviera trance,
Warm in the azure southern bays;
Lashing Atlantic shores, its glance
Rolling the fog from the soaking clays;
Touching the Rhine, though its chill dismays
The saddened burgher, far may it roam;
An Army is minded of whence it strays
And the West Wind blows—from Home.

L'ENVOI

Prince, it is little that serves to enhance
Visions of hearthstones in Key West or Nome;
Why does a camp fire quicken and prance
When the West Wind blows from Home?

JACK BARROWS, F.A.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

GOOD-BYE, OLD PAL

Good-bye, old Pal.
I've been to hell and back again;
There's where you fell, in mud and blood and rain.
Sure, we won—you paid the bill;
You swapped your life for that green hill;
Good-bye, old Pal.

Good-bye, old Pal.
We're sailing home, our job is done;
But still your grave's a trench against the Hun.
Call us back; we'll make our stand
Where you keep guard in No Man's Land.
Good-bye, old Pal.

SOLDIER.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

DEMOBILIZED

Yankeeland is under foot and France is far away—
Swinging down the old main street, demobilized today.
Through the grind of training camp and clean across the seas,
Deep in sweaty, transport holds that never knew a breeze;
Pitching in the crow's nest to the heave of every swell,
Eyes astrain for periscopes to blast 'em into hell;
All the white-hot glazing day and all the star-filled night
Down the rolling ocean lanes and up into the fight
Where the world was riot and the sky was one red gleam—
Into all and through it all we've packed our little dream.

Straining at the packstraps on a bellyful of slum,
Hiking off the kilos with the head gone queer and numb;

Crammed in crusty dugouts in the thunder of the line,
Snatching sleep in bunches from the cootie on the spine;
Up in cobwebbed haymows over cows' and hens' abodes
Lurching in the lorries down the rain-washed, endless roads;
Through the aching winter months and back across the foam,
Twice three thousand miles we've borne that little dream
of home.

Yankeeland is under foot and France is far away—
Swinging down the old main street, demobilized today.

STEWART M. EMERY.

From *The Home Sector.*
By permission of The Butterick Publishing Company.

THE END OF YOUTH

In northern France my soldier lover lies,
My soldier lover, with his clear boy's eyes,
And with his smile, so brave, so sweet, so wise.

He heard the call of Death on Honor's field,
And answered: "Here!" his soul to service sealed,
High-hearted at the pledge Truth had revealed.

I glory that he lived and had his share
Of that great glory, given those who dare
Give all for Freedom—but I care! I care!

What of the promise of his youth and mine?
What of our home and hopes of love's design?
What of the lonely years in long, long line?

VIRGINIA NELSON, Y.M.C.A., A.E.F.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

I AIN'T KICKIN' NONE

There ain't no gloom about
  Where Bill is.
Never see no frowns or scowls
  On his phiz.
Lyin' there, trussed up in bed,
  Smiles, and pulls this pun,
When you ask him how he's feelin':
  "I ain't kickin' none."
There ain't no self-a-pitying thoughts
  In Bill's head.
Though it's been o'er a year he's
  Lain in bed.
With his legs shot nearly off,
  A souvenir of the Hun,
Cased in plaster, pulled up high,
  But—he "ain't kickin' " none.

There ain't no golden medals pinned
  On Bill's chest.
Call him a hero and he'd take it
  As a jest;
But he is a hero just the same,
  Braver deed was never done
Than to smile to hide the pain 'n' say:
  "I ain't kickin' none."

H. A. PERRILL.

From *The Stars and Stripes* (1920).
By permission of *The National Tribune.*

THE DOUGHBOY'S LILT

I'm jus' as happy's I kin be;
I gotta Lieut-ee workin' fer me—

Over in France in the Great Big War,
Up ther' in Front 'mid the cannons roar—
'Twas diff'rent there.
This Lieut come in an' he says to me,
"I need a job, Buck, an' you see—"
Now there in France when this Lieut-ee spoke
Things moved right soon or somethin' broke—
'Twas diff'rent there.

I spoke right up, an' says "M'man,
I'm boss 'round here, y'understand—"
Oh, boy! C'n you imagine me
Sayin' that t' th' same Lieut-ee
In France? 'Twas diff'rent there.
He says, "All right; don't rub it sore."
So I took 'im in m' grocery store.
Wow! Over here since th' Great Big War,
Far from the Front an' the cannons roar—
It's diff'rent here.

I'm jus' 's happy's I kin be;
I gotta Lieut-ee workin' fer me.

LEWIS L. CURYEA, Sergeant Major,
Headquarters, 147th M. G. Batt.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

THE SCATTERED ARMY

I wonder where the army is,—
The one I used to know,—
The guy that found a gal of his
At every place we'd go,

The chap that swapped his army clothes
To get a dozen eggs,
An' that lengthy lazy feller
With the arbitrerry legs!

I wonder where the mule is at
That Jimmy kep' in trim
By groomin' with his campaign hat
An'—What's become of him!
An' where's the top, and Slippery Sam
An' other fellers now,
The guy that et the Colonel's jam
An' him that cooked the chow!

An' where is Shorty Jones, today
That sung them lovin' chants
About his gal so far away
When we was there in France?
Oh, there's a lot of uniforms
Still scattered on the street,
But I never see a buddie's face
In any that I meet.

I s'pose that Ikey Epstein's got
Each feller's last address—
He'd send 'em to me like as not
If I should write, I guess,—
But Ikey was the chap that lent
Some bokoo francs or so,
An' most of us can't write to him
'Thout payin' what we owe.

JOHN P. CUMMING.

From "Me—an' War Goin' On."
By special permission of the Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, owners of the copyright.

SERVICE CHEVRONS

You can strip him of his chevrons,
  You can take his stripes away,
And the badge of his division,
  Which produces your dismay;
You can make him scrap his medals,
  But, no matter how you try,
You can never, never legislate
  That glitter from his eye.

He has seen a summer day
  That you have never dreamed;
He has seen flesh turn to clay,
  While affronted Heaven screamed;
He has seen the shattered trench,
  He has seen the twisted wire,
He has seen strong living men,
  Charred and black in molten fire;
He has seen beneath his feet
  Flesh of comrades turn to clay.
As you never could have dreamed . . .
  He has seen a summer day.

You can ban the golden arrow
  That is stitched on his right sleeve,
And "eradicate distinction"
  With a simple "by your leave";
Promulgate your resolutions,
  Hurl the ink until you die,
But you can't expunge his mem'ry
  Nor the glitter from his eye.

He has seen an autumn night
That you could never bear,
With hell's flare his only light,
Pointing out hell's angel there;
He has known a single hour
With cold steel, red hail and gas
Ceased and left a holy calm
Such as come when angels pass;
He has seen his comrades stand,
Half-transfigured in release,
Knighted, spurred and panoplied
By their liege, the Prince of Peace.

ARTILLERIST.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

NOW THAT IT'S ALL OVER

Did you ever hike millions of miles,
And carry a ton on your back,
And blister your heels and your shoulders, too,
Where the straps run down from your pack,
In the rain or the snow or the mud, perhaps,
In the smothering heat or the cold?
If you have, why, then, you're a buddy of ours,
And we welcome you into our fold.

Did you ever eat with your plate on your lap,
With your cup on the ground at your side,
While cooties and bugs of species untold
Danced fox-trots over your hide?
Did you ever sleep in a tent so small
That your head and your feet played tag?
Then shake, old man, you're a pal of ours,
For you've followed the same old flag.

Did you ever stand in a front-line trench,
With Fritzie a few feet away,
With Jerries and Minnies a-whistling around,
And gas coming over all day?
With No Man's Land a sea of steel
And a tempest of bursting shell?
Then, come in, old man, and toast your shins,
For we're all just back from hell.

J. K. MOPPS, 130th Inf.

From *The Stars and Stripes.*

And speaking of popularity, about five years ago an ex-service man in Minnesota asked in the *American Legion* (*Weekly* it was then) that someone supply the words of this poem. He received twenty-one answers enclosing the verse; and they came from New York to California, and from Texas to Michigan, and all the way between. And this in spite of the fact that at that time, six years had already elapsed since the Armistice.

CHAPTER VII

THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN

Very little is generally known concerning the Russian Campaign. Only a part of one American Division was engaged and these men were under British command all winter, as General Richardson did not reach Russia until April. Our infantry were supported by Canadian Field Artillery under Colonel C. H. L. Sharman, C.M.G., C.B.E. In this we were fortunate, particularly as their outfit was made up of veterans of the Western Front. The whole campaign was, of course, a tragic mistake.

The * A.N.R.E.F., or Polar Bears as they were called later, went first to England, and then after a miserable voyage with influenza raging aboard, were landed at Bakaritza, the port for Archangel, Russia. Sixty-nine of the influenza victims died and were buried at Archangel. North Russia was not an American's idea of a winter resort at best, and under these conditions and under even worse that developed later, Archangel with its circling battle fronts about it was, is, and will always be, the world's most God-forsaken hole to any Polar Bear. Their verse reflects that conviction and, the experience of these chaps being unique, they quite naturally produced verse that treated of conditions entirely different from those in France.

It was a mad life at best without any law except the military law of various nations, which was often pretty loose because of the magnificent distances and other reasons; a cosmopilitan life of many peoples; a life both narrowed and widened by the demands of climate and wilderness; and above all, a lonely unnatural existence. Strange things happened and strange stories travelled from lip to lip, some true no doubt, some not. There was the tale of the soldier "up the Dvina" who never carried a rifle; the tale of the Corporal who died lying by his machine gun, and

* American North Russian Expeditionary Force.

with unseeing eyes upon the enemy, his dead fingers tightened and pulled the trigger to the end of the belt; the tale of the Army Officer who stripped a dead Russian of a thousand roubles, leaving in their place a Naval Officer's chit that the A.O. had won in a poker game; the tale of the sailors from the *Olympia* who conducted their own little war; the tale of—but this is not the time to tell these tales. It was a mad interlude in life, let it go at that—grotesque and dramatic beyond all the stories that were told of it, and yet there were so many that lied. The wonder is that with such a wild unhealthy background this verse maintains such a philosophic calm. The fact that it is so does infinite credit to the Polar Bear's strength of character.

The following choice bit of whimsicality is original but typical. Lieutenant Costello, who is by way of being an authority on the North Russian Campaign, allowed me to reprint it from his book "Why Did We Go to Russia?" once before. I have never known the author's name nor, I think, did the Lieutenant.

WHEN THE LORD WAS DESIGNING CREATION

When the Lord was designing Creation,
  And laying out Ocean and Land,
With never an hour's relaxation
  Nor a moment to steady His hand,

As anyone will in a hurry,
  He let things slip by now and then,
That in the excitement and worry
  He should have done over again.

So rather than gum up the outfit,
  He saved every blunder and blot,
And laid it aside in the ocean,
  To use at the end of the plot.

And the sixth afternoon of His contract,
(His bonus expiring that day);
He baled out the dregs of Creation,
And shoved all the latter away.

He scraped all the wreckage and tailings,
And the leavings and scum of the dump,
And He made on the shores of the Arctic
A great International Dump.

He rushed the thing through in a hurry,
And, because of the rush He was in,
He dubbed the locality Russia—
And Russia it always has been.

And then, feeling blue and sarcastic,
Because it was Saturday night,
He picked out to call the worst corner of all
With the name of Archangel for spite!

From "Why Did We Go to Russia?"

All the following poems in this section are copied from the frail yellowing sheets of *The American Sentinel,* but the songs I came by in various ways. *The American Sentinel,* although published by the American Red Cross, was in its way the newspaper of the A.N.R.E.F. as was the *Stars and Stripes* of the A.E.F. There are, no doubt, odd copies still about, but I know of no files and no other copies than my own eleven. These are creased and soiled from handling and the long trek, but lie peacefully now in the company of a pair of identification disks, an army discharge, two slender diaries, and a pack of letters stained on the edges with what I can only infer is melted snow. "The Poet's Dugout" is the column from which I glean this verse. I am sorry not to reprint some of the prose, for it gives so many side lights on the life

these chaps led, so completely isolated from war on the Western Front.

The troops landed in the fall and Thanksgiving was variously observed on different fronts. There were six fronts going out from Archangel like the spokes of a half wheel; the Pinega, the Dvina, the Vaga, the Railroad, the Onega, and the Kadish. The railroad ran from Archangel to Vologda—perhaps farther, I forget—and the first poem is obviously from that front. Sergeant Clark incidentally is my nominee for poet laureate of the A.N.R.E.F. The next, *The Second Relief,* shows the usual and less pleasant routine of war in the Arctic.

THANKSGIVING DOWN THE LINE

A-many folks with money (some a plagued sight too much)
  Is fain to take delight in marble halls,
And Chippendale reception rooms and rose boudoirs and such,
  With Whistler's things and Turners on the walls;
And then again some folks with sentiment galore
  Is wont to hanker after modest things—
A tiny, viny cottage with a rambler at the door,
  And an organ where their sweetheart sits and sings.

To some the Old Log Cabin is the acme of delight
  With the fire place and the trundle beds and all,
While a few has hopes of Heaven with the gates all pearly white,
  And the angels walking post along the wall;
But of all the calm, heart-warming, cozy spots that ever were,
  All the homey snug retreats beyond compare,
I call to mind a boxcar just a-settin' on a spur,
  A million miles north-west of anywhere.

There wasn't much space inside her, and there wasn't no cushioned seats,
Just the heater and the bunks was crowded in it,
But I sat there one Thanksgiving with a pipin' stack o' wheats,
And life was worth the living every minute;
For the heater was a daisy and the bunks were hard to beat,
And the car was warm and comfortable and dry.
Good fellowship and flapjacks simply made the thing complete,—
I'll remember the occasion till I die.

The mercury had tried to crawl completely out of sight,
How the frost did boom and crackle in the pine!
There was just myself and Davy there on that Thanksgiving night,
For the rest was all a-mapping down the line.
I sat and scribbled lazy-like while Davy stirred the batter,
And het the sheet-iron griddle till she smoked
And sizzled when he poured 'em—and I'll tell you what's the matter—
All the Saints of Good Home Cooking was invoked.

And the cakes were light and spongy, with a lacy net of brown,
As he stacked 'em up—exactly three apiece.
And their edges sort o' glistened where the syrup trickled down,
And their undersides were shiny-like with grease;
And Davy sat on one side and I sat just across't,
(Which our table was a packin' boxes lid)
We heard just outside the pine trees just a-crackin' with the frost,
And we feasted as old Nero never did.

And the spirit of Thanksgiving was sincerely in our hearts,
And we sat and grinned, contented as we ate;
And of all them kings and sultans that infest them foreign parts
Most any might have envied our estate;
So when I search my memory for the times when life was best,
And everything was homey-like and fair,
I call to mind that boxcar, just a million miles north-west
Of the nearest place you might call anywhere.

SERGEANT R. S. CLARK.

From *The American Sentinel.*

THE SECOND RELIEF

When you're warm, safe from Arctic snowstorm,
In that haven of refuge called bed,
And you're dreaming of mother, and sweetheart, and home,
With the blankets pulled over your head.
The depth of despair, of anger and care
Is quite beyond belief,
That the Corporal brings, when he shakes you up with
"Fall out for the second relief."

With moans and with groans, and an ache in your bones
You crawl into your boots and your clothes;
Then with gun on your arm, you are walking your post,
And the snow shrieks under your toes.
For comrades sleeping, a watch you are keeping,
Awake for a ruse or a snare,
Be on the alert, for death is a flirt,
And may be lurking there.

The Northern Lights glisten, as you strive to listen,
For signs of Bolshevik foes;
The North Wind whistles, you shudder and shiver,
Your feet—they must be froze.
In snow to your knees, you peer through the trees—
How can those bushes crawl?
But it's only your nerves: and that startling crash
Was but a dead limb's fall.

So it's back and forth, and here in the North,
Each minute seems a score,
As you pace and pace, and pace and pace
On your watch from two to four.
And your footsteps lag, as the hours drag,
And Boreas is chief,
Then "Halt! Who goes there?" springs from your lips—
Thank God! It's the third relief.

Then you trudge to your base, trying to dope the queer pace
Of time on the Russian shore.
Siechas is *Zavtra,* if ever; and *zavtra* is never;
Those last two hours were four.
But the strangest translation that came to your station
Of a term you thought meant soon,
Is that "the earliest possible moment" here
Has been given as "Sometime in June."

O. E. WEILHAMER, Hq. Co. 339th Inf.

From *The American Sentinel.*

I have it on the authority of the *Sentinel* that *siechas* or "*Seechas* literally means 'within this hour.' As ordinarily used, it is the quickest word in the Russian language. When you ask a man to hurry, or he promises to do something for you, he'll probably answer '*Seechas,*' which means any time between right now and day after next Wednesday."

COMPANY "A" SONG

(As revised by the Medics)

TUNE—*Raggety Cadets (?)*

We are the boys of the Allied Forces
There is a mystery about,
You'll find us sitting up at night
To try and figure it out.
Some people try to tell us
What this thing here is about;
But when they get through talking,
Why, there always is a doubt.

CHORUS

While we are fighting
And the bullets begin to R-A-I-N,
You'll hear us shouting
I'll bet that bunch will never come back again.

They try to rush our blockhouses
Amid the ice and snow,
But our machine guns gave them Hell,
And you ought to see them go.
We gave them all they're asking for,
And we guess a little more,
But when they ran back in the woods,
The Canucks began to score.

CHORUS

While we are fighting, etc.

We've learned a bit of Russian
Since we have been up here,
"Spa-see-ba," that means "Thank you,"
And "pe-vo" that means "Beer."

"Wash-is," the name for "cootie,"
That makes you scratch at night,
And when you sit down to a meal,
They say that is "koo-shite."

CHORUS

Lad-na Nos-drov-e-a-
Cock-ve po sha-vi-et-za, Dob-ra
Dob-ra, dob-ra, dob-ra,
Dras-kee, pa-roo-skee
Is-ni-e, skol-ka roub-ly, har-a-shaw.

TOM and SAM MCCLINTOCK, 337 Amb. and HENRY LANDROWARD, "F" Batt. 229th Med. Det.

From *The American Sentinel.*

The *Company "A" Song* was never intended to be literature, but it was sufficiently popular to have two sets of words. I have used the more interesting of the two written after "A" Company had entered upon a career that was not without what used to be termed "glory." That is, it was a conspicuously effective fighting unit, was cited in block, and its Captain's three medals were partly—though by no means entirely—in recognition of its fame.

You would, I think, find the third stanza and chorus most popular. As for the air, I have been assured that it is a well-known college tune, but I have never tracked it down to a certainty. However, I believe it to be the one known as *Raggety Cadets,* which was also chosen as the tune for a song for "D" Company, 102nd Engineers, a Texas outfit that went to France.

I WANT TO GO HOME

(North Russian Version)

I want to go home!
I want to go home!
Machine guns may rattle, the cannons may roar,
I don't want to go to the dugouts no more.

Take me over the sea,
Where the Bolshevik can't get at me.
Oh, my!
I'm too young to die.
I want to go home!
From "The Romance of Company 'A.'"

For other versions of this song see pages 84 and 256. The melody used with the North Russian version was a variant of that published by Feist.

HARD LUCK

TUNE—*Throw No Stones in the Well That Gives You Water*

Throw no stones in the well that gives you water,
It's a saying both old and true.
There's a hat in the ring. Put it on if it fits you.
Don't bite the hand that's feeding you.

We weren't drafted to come up here in Russia,
We were drafted to go to France,
We weren't intended to fight the Bolsheviki—
Why don't you give the boys a chance?

The boys from France are now returning
But up here you only have a few.
So for God's sake, get some transports in Archangel!
We're tired of hard tack, bulley beef and stew.

JAMES OXLEY.

The words of *Hard Luck* were written by a Polar Bear who had been a vaudeville actor in civil life, for a show given at Ust Vaga March 1, 1919, and called the "Snow Bound Minstrels." It was, of course, an impromptu affair with all soldier cast. The

stage was built of M. and V. and hard-tack crates covered with planking, and the properties were borrowed from Russian civilians and added much *éclat* to the performance.

The second from the last line of this song bothered me somewhat when it was first repeated to me by a very polite doughboy. As he gave it, the line was much too long even allowing for military verse which so often requires a little management here and there. It began "For goodness' sake" or something along similar lines, but eventually the truth dawned and I clipped the line to what I believe was its original length.

The tune was published by Leo. Feist, Inc., some ten odd years ago.

THE SAMOVAR

To each of us, I reckon there are moments in the day
In which all troubles vanish,—all care is put away,
And life is pure contentment; and to me the best by far
Is the one when sister enters with the steaming samovar.

You may ridicule the Russki in any way you choose,
But some Russki institutions you better not abuse,
I sometimes cuss the people here from sewer-swipe to czar,
But I bless this Russki Majesty—the piping samovar.

Sometimes at night I stumble in, all snowy on the back,
My fingers stiff and numb with cold,—so tired my feet don't track,
But when I've changed my socks and thawed beside the stove a spell,
The Samovar comes beaming in and Presto! all is well.

Sometimes I'm prone to grumble in a peevish sort of way
In case the traverse fails to close or some one steals the hay,
But it's fly away, Trouble, and it's get behind me, Sin,
When sister and the samovar come smiling, steaming in.

Now sister's very homely, beyond the least pretence,
But the samovar is "homely" in the dictionary sense.
His sizzling, steamy murmur and his shiny nickeled smile
To me speak hospitality and comfort by the mile.

Most all of us, I guess, have formed some sort of future plans
Without including dress parades or bulley beef in cans,
Or candle-light or reveille, or sleeping on the floor,
Or any of the things we've learned in Russia to abhor.

But one well proven friend of mine shall greet me years from now;
Before his Russki Majesty I've registered a vow,
That when I pack my ditty-bag and sail across the sea,
A fat and shiny samovar shall sail along with me.

SERGEANT R. S. CLARK.

From *The American Sentinel.*

And eventually the great chunks of ice in the rivers began to move slowly to the sea, the Russian dandelions and violets appeared, strange birds called and still they waited for the order to return with what wry humor and fortitude they could muster against the engulfing waves of homesickness.

A PSLAM AT LIFE

Tell me not, to make me glummer,
Going home is just a dream,
For we shall not stay all summer,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real. Life is earnest
(Though in Russia somewhat slow).
"Yank thou art, and soon returnest"
Passed the Senate weeks ago.

Not resignment, and not sorrow
Is the destiny we face,
But to hope for that tomorrow
When we leave this (Censored) place.

Life is short and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though brave and stout,
Often double time are beating
When it's Home we think about.

In the World's broad field of battle,
In this (Cut by Censor) strife,
Do not trust this piffling prattle
That the sentence is for life.

Trust no rumor so unpleasant.
Let the dead past bury its dead.
Act—not in the living Present,
Home is just six weeks ahead.

Regulations oft remind us
There is no such word as fear,
We shall go, and leave behind us
Room for much home talent here.

Talent that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
Who beholds our Russki brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
Speeding each succeeding day,
Still achieving—still pursuing,—
Heaven grant we leave in (Deleted by Censor).

SERGEANT R. S. CLARK.

From *The American Sentinel.*

THE QUESTION

Does the water still flow in the Hudson?
Are there any more chocolate creams?
Are oranges and peaches within people's reaches?
Was the past just as good as it seems?

Do people still dine around tables,
And order the food that they please?
Or when they want taters and juicy tomaters,
Do they have to eat crackers and cheese?

Are the taxis and street cars still running?
Do the fashions change twice every year?
Are dances and dinners still Blue Ribbon winners
On nights that are balmy and clear?

And by the way, now that I'm asking
Please, tell me, are you really real—
A live human being I once was a'seeing?
Or a dream girl my waking hours steal?

A. C. D.

From *The American Sentinel.*

BRITISH SECTION

There's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.

RUPERT BROOKE.

CHAPTER VIII

ENGLAND AND THE EMPIRE

I make no pretense of having anything at all approaching a complete or even representative British section. The quantity of excellent poetry published during the war period in magazines or volumes of verse I have left almost untouched; and the following pages provide only a part of the wealth of British soldier songs that exists.

There are so many anthologies of British poetry, and both the American and British public are so familiar with the best that repetition has seemed unnecessary. It would, for instance, be useless to reprint *Flanders' Fields* for the thousandth time. It is as familiar as the national anthem. This scarcity of verse, however, gives in a comparative way a false impression of inferiority in the line of true poetry, while, in reality, the exact opposite is the case.

It has been remarked before that British officers, hard as they often are, are frequently possessed of the large wide-set eyes of poets. The reason for this is extremely simple. They quite often are poets;—and in the last war, they wrote so much of the very best type that libraries and anthologies have been full of it ever since. I cannot speak too highly of this work, though it is useless to include what is already so well known.

With the songs I have done better. So far as I know, there is no volume of British Army songs in print at the present time, and I have supplied you with at least enough to get the flavor—although I know of perhaps a hundred more that might well be included. The British Army tradition makes possible many more classics that pass down in regiments from generation to generation, than we have ever had in the American Army. A very good collection was published during the war in a trench edition by Lieutenant Nettleinghame but it is now difficult to secure. In short, it has been impossible to be complete, so I have tried to supply

such material as might not be so readily procurable, so well known, etc., etc.

If it has been perplexing to know always which songs are British and which American, the difficulty of deciding whether a song is Canadian or English is obvious. I have not worried about that unduly, but simply divided them up as seemed convenient.

Under this heading of England and the Empire I have in a general way tried to include (1) the songs that Tommy sang in whatever quarter of the globe G.H.Q. thought fit to send him, and that were equally well known to Canadians, Australians, and South Africans; (2) a few that had a local English flavor; and (3) a few fragments from the odd corners of the Empire. The casual reader will, I think, be a little surprised when he is reminded again in this way of the extent of the sun's well-known partiality for British ground, and also of how successful the glue is that sticks the Empire together.

Many songs warrant mention but not inclusion. What Tommy sang in London at the beginning of the war was a song to the tune of *Marching Through Georgia* that began

> We are coming, Marshal Kitchener,
> * Five hundred thousand strong—

But in France he slipped into the familiar *Tipperary* which had been published three years before, and then came parodies of it—*It's the Wrong Way to Tickle Marie* and others. The old regimental favorites were always good and then he began to write his own—*Après La Guerre, The Dying Aviator, I Want to Go Home* and many more. *John Brown's Body* was a useful marching song. Tommy supplied his own words of course, several sets of them.

They had too their unprintable songs. I have mentioned *Kafoosalem,* and there was *Doo Dah* and others. Oddly enough *Doo Dah* is sung to the same tune that we use for *The Camptown Races* and our wording is regarded as so innocent as to be included in *Songs Every Child Should Know,* but not so Tommy's version. *Miralto Mee Ree* turns out to be a *British* troop song

* NOTE: Suggested by the Civil War song, *We Are Coming, Father Abraham,* etc.

too, though I wonder about its origin. It is first cousin to the *Gay Caballero* and the *Philippine Hombre.*

There are several similar surprises such as *The Last Long Mile, Who Will Love My Little Girl* (not so respectable as the college version with which I am familiar), *One More River to Cross, Greener Grows the Grass, I've Got a Windy Feeling Round My Heart and I Want to Burrow Down, Old MacDougal Had a Farm in Ohio-i-o, John Brown's a Sapper in the Royal Engineers,* etc., etc.

I have had to pick and choose and so have omitted entirely a curious type of soldier chorus dear to the Briton's heart. It reminds me of *One little, two little, three little Injuns* or *The House That Jack Built.* These ditties are left behind with no great regret, although some are, of course, much better than others. *Old King Cole* is the best to my mind; but I am free to admit that *Ninety-nine Bottles Hanging on the Wall, Down in the Valley,* and *The Man, the Dawg and the Meadow* leave me pretty cold. I can only conclude that I lack appreciation or that the charm lay, let us say delicately, in the intoxicating influence of a large group.

I do not, however, underestimate Tommy's talents. He had a way with him in literary and musical lines, and among other accomplishments had a very pretty talent for harmonization, a field in which he seemed to have few rivals. The ability to harmonize vocally at will is so common that a strong emphasis was laid on this kind of singing. As I have said before, the universal choice for harmonization was *Home, Sweet Home,* and *Annie Laurie;* for Tommy, bless his brasses, is a "sentimental bloke."

IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

CHORUS

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know!

Good-bye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!

Words and music ascribed to JACK JUDGE *and* HARRY WILLIAMS.

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NOTE: This song and other songs regularly published by British firms which are here represented by their chorus words may usually be purchased from their respective publishers at the present time. Occasionally, however, the original sheet music form has been abandoned and the song must be purchased in inexpensive collections.

THE HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN
OR
THE DYING AVIATOR

TUNE—*The Tarpaulin Jacket* or *The Dying Lancer*

A handsome young airman lay dying,
And as on the airdrome he lay,
To mechanics who round him came sighing,
These last parting words he did say,
"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
The connecting rods out of my brain,
The crank-shaft out of my backbone
And assemble the engine again."

From "The American Songbag."

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Although I have not particularly indicated it in this instance, the last two words of each line are repeated by the chorus as a refrain, just as in the *Handsome Young Tanker* and all other lyrics given here to the tune of *Tarpaulin Jacket*. It is my own opinion that this is the original of the entire group. It seems at any rate to be the best known.

OH, HAD I THE WINGS OF AN AVRO!

TUNE—*The Dying Lancer*

Oh, had I the wings of an Avro,
CHORUS: of an Avro,
Then, far, far away I would soar,
would soar,
Right off to my pals down in Holland,
in Holland,
And rest there the rest of the war,
the war.

From "Tommy's Tunes" by LIEUTENANT NETTLEINGHAME.

Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., London, England.

ESPRIT DE CORPS

TUNE—*Wrap Me Up in My Tarpaulin Jacket*

Wrap me up in my old yellow jacket,
The one in which I used to soar;
CHORUS: *to soar;*
Give my helmet, my map and my goggles—
I feel once again as of yore.
as of yore.

Fasten the jacket around me,
Lift me into my place;
my place;
For ne'er shall ye say I'd the wind up,
I've still life enough for the pace.
for the pace.

Wrap me up in my old yellow jacket,
Give me the joystick to hold;
to hold;
Let me fly once again o'er the trench line—
Thus shall my exploits be told.
be told.

Oh! it's good to be in the old jacket,
To hear, "Switch off—petrol on, sir";
petrol on;
To repeat once again the word "contact,"
To hear the old engine go whir-r-r—r.
go whir-r-r-r.

Now we're off—o'er the line will we *allez,*
To strafe and to bomb is our aim;
our aim;
To win or to lose in a combat—
The game must be played just the same.
just the same.

Ah! see that Hun there—in the sun, lad,
Give him a burst of the best;
of the best;
Poop, poop, poop—he's returning our fire.
I must splitass and stunt round him, lest . . .
round him, lest . . .

God! I'm hit, curse him—I feel so dizzy;
I'm sorry, old thing—it's my fault;
my fault;
My hand or my eyes not so steady;
I don't feel as well as I thought.
as I thought.

. . . . . .

Down, down, in a nose-dive they're spinning,
Down from ten thousand to two:
to two;
Very slowly the machine comes out level,
The sands of life not yet run through.
not run through.

By instinct his actions are guided,
The machine flying homeward bound now:
bound now;
Th' observer, a-sweat and a-tremble,
Scarce knows what has happened—nor how.
nor how.

He knows naught of the art of controlling
An unstable bus in the air;
in the air;
It's his first ascent into the heavens—
Sure, 'tis an experience rare.
very rare.

Dazed—yet alive—he is landing:
Blood from his scalp surges down;
from his crown;
He moves not as they rush towards him,
Ere then—his brave spirit has flown.
has flown.

. . . . . .

They laid him in his old yellow jacket,
In peace; and his spirit may soar
may soar
Far above, where the Huns cease from troubling,
And Lewis guns rattle no more.
no more.

From "Tommy's Tunes."

Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., London, England.

DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE

Oh, how I want you,
Dear old pal of mine;
Each night and day I pray you're always mine.
Sweetheart, may God bless you,
Angel hands caress you,
While sweet dreams rest you,
Dear old pal of mine.

LIEUTENANT GITZ RICE.

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THE GUNNERS' BALLAD

Our happy family consists of three—
The Corporal, the Bombardier, and me.
In various climes it's been our fate to roam,
Till here together we have found a home.
It isn't furnished in the latest mode,
But then we trust it ain't a permanent abode.

The roof was once, I think, a stable door;
Of straw's the carpet that adorns the floor;
The walls are of a quite superior clay
That sticks to one, and won't be lured away
Adown those walls the melting snow is trickling,
And down the Corporal's neck—his comments are most tickling.

We're somewhat limited for space, 'tis true;
If I turn round, so must the other two.
And getting in and out becomes a bore
When one is rather wider than the door.

But still we're not too slow in taking cover
When those confounded German souvenirs come over.

In reminiscent mood we sip our tea—
The Corporal, the Bombardier, and me.
We harken back to Mons and Le Cateau—
"I wonder what's become of So-and-so:
I hear that Nobby Johnson's sent a letter
To say they took a blooming leg off, but he's better."

"Pass up the * pozzi, if it's not all done."
But hark! "Eyes front! Turn out and man your gun."
There goes the tea, the pozzi's on the floor;
I've stuck again—my blessings on this door—
Three thousand yards, corrector 1-6-2,
And "Fire!"—my German friends, a souvenir for you.

Down falls the night, and also falls the rain;
The sentries mount, we seek our home again;
And, clinging close the blessed warmth to keep,
Seek brief oblivion in a dreamless sleep,
Till dawns the day upon the sodden trenches,
And calls to "action front" our Army known as French's.

GUNNER LOUIS SMITH.

From "More Tommy's Tunes," by Lt. Nettleinghame.
Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., London, England.

* Jam.

WHITER THAN THE WHITEWASH

I shall be whiter than the whitewash on the wall,
I shall be whiter than the whitewash on the wall.
Wash me in the water that you washed the baby in,
And I shall be whiter than the whitewash on the wall.

From "Tommy's Tunes."

Erskine MacDonald, London.

This is the only case in which I have done any censoring of my own. I have simply combined two versions of the same song. The first two lines are exactly like the ones in "Tommy's Tunes" so that they may fit the music, but the last two were furnished me by a kind Canadian Colonel, and are used because this version is a better one than the other. Here is also another fragment that Tommy believes to be important enough to preserve.

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

TUNE—*Kind Words Can Never Die*

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die,
Old Soldiers never die, they simply fade away.

A LITTLE BIT OF SHRAPNEL

TUNE—*A Little Bit of Heaven*

I

Sure, a little bit of shrapnel fell from out the skies one day,
And it hit a gay young soldier in a trench not far away.

And when the doctor saw him, he said to him, "Old man,
We'll get you back to Blighty just as quickly as we can,"
So they put him in an ambulance, then put him in a train,
And they rushed him back to Blighty to relieve him of his pain.
Now, when he had recovered so that he could get around,
They sent him back to Flanders to start the same old round!

By courtesy of Colonel Sharman and Mr. Pye.

II

Sure, a bit of shrapnel from out the sky one day,
And it nestled in my shoulder in a quaint and loving way,
And when the doctor saw it, it looked so sweet and fair,
He said, "Suppose we leave it for it looks so peaceful there."
Then he painted it with iodine to keep the germs away,
It's the only way to treat it, no matter what they say.
But early the next morning he changed his fickle mind,
And he marked me down for duty and he sent me up the line.

From *The Veteran.*

By permission of *The Legionary.*

III

Have you ever heard the story of your daddy in the war?
Well, I'll tell you. 'Tis a story that I've often heard before.
He was fighting for his country in a land across the sea,
And this is how your dear old daddy told the tale to me.

"Shure, a little bit of shrapnel fell from out the sky one day,
And it nestled in my shoulder in a friendly sort of way.
When the doctor saw it, shure it looked so peaceful there,
He said, 'Suppose we leave it, till you get to Angleterre.'

"So he sprinkled it with iodine to take the pain away,
And I sailed across the Channel on a bright and sunny day.
When I got to Blighty shure I swung the lead so grand,
That, bedad, I soon was back again in dear old Ireland."

102nd Engineers.

By permission of *The American Legion Monthly.*

I have used three versions of this story, for the outcome is so different in each case. As for "swinging the lead" Mr. Boughton explains that "It really means one who is trying to fool the Medical Officer as to an imaginary complaint in the hope of getting off duty, or to hospital, or some such reason. It was a most common practice if you wished to avoid night duties in camp or route marches. It wasn't much good in the front line, as a malingerer, as they were called, got no sympathy from the fellows. More often he got his deserts in a none too gentle manner."

IF YOU WERE THE ONLY BOCHE ON THE EARTH

TUNE—*If You Were the Only Girl in the World*

If you were the only Boche on the earth,
And I had the only Bomb,
Nothing else would matter in the world to me,
I would go on chasing to eternity.
A nice little Mills—one just timed for you,
And upwards you'd go, pom-pom!
There would be a wonderful stunt to do,
I would make a wonderful mess of you,—
If you were the only Boche in the world,
And I had the only Bomb.

By courtesy of Colonel Sharman and Mr. Pye.

BRITISH FRAGMENTS

I

AT THE HALT, ON THE LEFT, FORM PLATOON!

TUNE—*Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue*

At the halt, on the left, form platoon!
At the halt, on the left, form platoon!
If the odd numbers don't mark time two paces,
How the hell can the rest form platoon?

By courtesy of Colonel Sharman and Mr. Pye.

II

WE LOVE OUR SERGEANT

We love our sergeant,
We love our sergeant,
We love our sergeant,
Like hell we do!

I cannot remember where this came from, but I believe *The Veteran* is responsible.

III

PITY THE POOR OLD SOLDIER

Standing in the trenches on a cold winter's night—
Ow Gawblimey, ain't it cold.
Wiring party working, and we dar'n't show a light—
Ow Gawblimey, ain't it cold.
Pity the poor old soldier—pity the poor young soldier;
Pity the poor old soldier—standing in the rain and the cold.

By courtesy of Colonel Sharman and Mr. Pye.

IV

ROTTEN SONG

Isn't that a rotten song,
Rotten song,
Rotten song,
Isn't that a rotten song
And a rotten singer too?

From "More Tommy's Tunes."

The Somme.

Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., London.

V

JOLLY GOOD SONG

Jolly good song, jolly well sung,
Jolly good company, e-v-e-r-y one.
If you can beat it, you're welcome to try—
But, always remember the singer is dry—
Give the old topper some beer!

By permission of *The American Legion Monthly.*

These, I believe, came from the "Church Army Huts" and beer canteens. At any rate their usefulness on certain occasions is obvious. The last line of the second fragment should be rendered vigorously by the entire audience.

DIRTY DANNY

TUNE—*Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers*

Dirty Danny's digging deeper dug-outs,
Much deeper dug-outs Dirty Danny dug to make a fug.
One day he dug a topper,
But the General came a cropper
In that damn, deep, dirty, deeper dug-out Dirty Danny dug.

From "More Tommy's Tunes."

Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., London.

"A fug" is used rather loosely here for the sake of the rhyme. It really refers to the atmosphere in a dugout when the presence of many men and a brazier made air you could cut with a knife. Such a combination of smoke and steam was known as a "real fug."

I'VE GOT A RIFLE

TUNE—*I've Got a Motto*

I've got a rifle,
It's always ready to sight.
Sniping Huns is a fad of mine
When I'm out on the firing line.
Click! Bang! Biff!
Whene'er I can contrive one.
I've often said to myself, I've said,
"Cheer up, Bill! There's a German dead.
And he's more use than a live one."

By courtesy of Colonel Sharman and Mr. Pye.

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, FRITZIE BOY!

Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy!
Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy!
Late last night by the star-shell light
We saw you! We saw you!
You were fixing your barbed wire,
When we opened rapid fire,
If you want to see your father in the Fatherland,
Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy!

Keep your shades down, Mary Ann!
Keep your shades down, Mary Ann!
Late last night in the pale moonlight

I saw you! I saw you!
You were combing your auburn hair;
It was hanging upon a chair,
If you want to keep your secrets from your future man,
Keep your shades down, Mary Ann!

LIEUTENANT GITZ RICE.

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WHEN THIS BLOOMIN' WAR IS OVER

TUNE—*What a Friend We Have in Jesus*

When this bloomin' war is over,
Oh, how happy I will be;
When I get my civvy clothes on,
No more soldiering for me.
No more pack-drill, heavy laden,
No more asking for a pass;
We will tell the Sergeant-Major
He's a silly blinkin' ass.

By courtesy of Colonel Sharman and Mr. Pye.

This was a favorite marching song subject to much change in various units. The present version is to be regarded merely as a sample. It is also very like the American *When This Bloody War Is Over,* which was sung to another tune.

SING ME TO SLEEP

(As rendered in Flanders)

Sing me to sleep where bullets fall,
Let me forget the world and all,

Damp is my dug-out, cold my feet,
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat.
Sing me to sleep where bombs explode
And shrapnel bullets are "à la mode."
Over the sand-bags helmets you'll find,
Corpses in front and corpses behind.

CHORUS

Far, far from Wipers I long to be,
Where German snipers can't pot at me;
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for something to put me to sleep.

Sing me to sleep in some old shed,
A dozen rat-holes around my head,
Stretched out upon my waterproof,
Dodging the rain-drops through the roof,
Sing me to sleep where camp-fires blaze,
Full of French bread and "café au laits,"
Dreaming of home and nights of rest,
Somebody's "overseas" on my chest.

[CHORUS]

By courtesy of Colonel Sharman and Mr. Pye.

The first stanza of this appears to be the more popular of the two and is consequently subject to the usual variations due to local color or the singer's emotions. This from Lieutenant Nettleinghame is quite different:

Sing me to sleep where Very lights fall,
Let me forget the war and all,
I've got the wind up, that's what they say,
God strafe 'em like hell—till break of day.

I feel so weary, war-worn and sad,
I don't like this war—it makes me feel bad.
Dark is my dug-out—cold are my feet—
Waiting for Boches to put me to sleep.
From "Tommy's Tunes."

The Aussies had some neat additional lines that fit the tune to the chorus and "are just titbits the mob invariably sang in a very subdued voice in the trenches at night in lieu of something to occupy their minds."

Sing me to sleep I heard a mate bawl,
Out in the trenches, where the shells fall.
But down in a dugout, ever so deep,
The chats keep me scratching, so I can't sleep.

or again

Sing me to sleep, I heard a dull thud,
Someone had fallen in a large pool of mud.
The language was awful, it made the chats weep.
It quite soothed *my* feelings and sent me to sleep.

By courtesy of Arthur Boughton, A.I.F.

"Chat" is Australian for cootie. It is a useful word to know because unlike cootie, it can be used as an adjective or even on occasion, as a verb.

ARE WE DOWN-HEARTED?

TUNE—*Sun of My Soul*

Are we down-hearted? N-o-o-o-o.
Are we down-hearted? N-o-o-o-o.
Are we down-hearted? No! No! No!
Are we down-hearted? No! No! No! No!
From "More Tommy's Tunes."

Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., London.

IN AN OLD-FASHIONED TOWN

There's an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street
In a quaint little old-fashioned town;
There's a street where the cobble stones harass the feet,
As it straggles up hill and then down;
And though to and fro through the world I must go,
My heart while it beats in my breast,
Where'er I may roam, to that old-fashioned home
Will fly back like a bird to its nest.

In that old-fashioned house in that old-fashioned street
Dwell a dear little old-fashioned pair,
I can see their two faces, so tender and sweet,
And I love ev'ry wrinkle that's there.
I love ev'ry mouse in that old-fashioned house
In the street that runs up hill and down,
Each stone and each stick, ev'ry cobble and brick
In that quaint little old-fashioned town.

ADA LEONORA HARRIS.
W. H. SQUIRE.

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Music to this song may be had from the publishers.

THE BELLS OF HELL

TUNE—*She Only Answered Ting-a-Ling*

The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-ling,
For Fritz, but not for me.
For me the angels sing-a-ling-ling,
They've got the goods on me.

Oh, Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-ling?
Oh, Grave, thy victory?
The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-ling
For Fritz, but not for me.

I have two versions of this but have preferred to use one from my own memory that I once heard from an Engineer. In the second line you may say "For Fritz, but not for me" or become more personal and alter it to, "For you, but not for me."

The following verses are all British editions of *Hinky Dinky*. They are so far as I know, never called by that name however—in fact, as I said before in another place, Tommy does not use exactly that refrain. The tune is so similar to the one printed in the American Section that it is not necessary to reprint it here. The same amount of variation might occur between American units. None of these tunes are stereotyped affairs anyway. Sing them to suit yourself—as many gentlemen in khaki have done before you. The most important verse which is universal and only differs from that given on page 78 by the refrain of "Inky, Pinky, parley voo," I do not repeat here. It is, of course, the one from which the song has its other name of

MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIÈRES

Mademoiselle has eyes of brown,
She winked at all the troops in town
With a Hinky Pinky, parley voo.

The Colonel called on Mademoiselle,
And she told him to go plumb to hell.
With a Hinky Pinky, parley voo.

These two were furnished by *The American Legion Monthly* but came from British sources. The next two are from Lieutenant Nettleinghame's collection "More Tommy's Tunes."

THE DIEHARDS

The old Diehards went over the top
They all came back with a Blighty lot,
Hinkey, pankey, parley voo.
—Middlesex Regiment.

NOT COMBED OUT

The Sergeant-Major's pinched the rum,
Parley voo.
The Sergeant-Major's pinched the rum,
Parley voo.
The Sergeant-Major has a good time,
He's miles behind the firing line,
Hinkey, pankey, parley voo.
—Middlesex Regiment.

The rest of these are from Mr. Boughton and consequently from "A" Company, 39th Battalion, A.I.F. In the two above it is noticeable that Lieutenant Nettleinghame even alters the name but the following Australian stanzas are entitled as usual *Mademoiselle from Armentières* and written across the top is the additional information "Invariably used as a marching song." Whether this title had anything to do with the fact that the 39th was brigaded with Americans I know not, but the song itself was too popular to be the property of any one nation. Again, I have not given the entire stanzas except with *Not Combed Out* which might have been confusing otherwise. The form is the same as in *Hinky Dinky*.

The Officers they have a good time
Down in the dugouts drinking wine.
Inky, dinky, parlez vous.

The A.S.C.* they have a good time,
Pinching our rations behind the line.
Inky, dinky, parlez vous.

The signallers they have a good time,
Pulling the wires *behind* the line.
Inky, dinky, parlez vous.

The Artillery they have a good time,
Dropping shells on our front line.
Inky, dinky, parlez vous.

In No Man's Land the other night,
A Fritz gave me a hell of a fright.
Inky, dinky, parlez vous.

TAFFY'S GOT HIS JENNY IN GLAMORGAN

Taffy's got his Jennie in Glamorgan.
Sandy's got his Maggie in Dundee;
While Michael O'Leary thinks of his dearie
Far across the Irish sea.
Billy's got his Lily up in London,
So the boys march on with smiles.
For every Tommy's got a girl somewhere
In the dear old British Isles.

By courtesy of Colonel Sharman and Mr. Pye.

THE YANKEES ON THE MARNE

Oh, the English and the Irish and the 'owlin' Scotties too,
The Canucks, the Austrylians and the 'airy French *Poilu,*
The only thing that bothered us a year afore we knew
Was 'ow in 'ell the Yanks 'ud look and wot in 'ell they'd do.

* The A.S.C. is the Army Service Corps and corresponds, I believe, to the S.O.S. Apparently it was just as popular.

They 'adn't 'ad no trynin' and they didn't know the gyme,
They 'adn't ever marched it much, their shootin' was the syme,
An' the only thing that bothered us that day in last July,
Was 'ow in 'ell the line 'ud look, if they should run awye.

Them leggy, nosey new 'uns, just 'ad come across the sea
And we couldn't 'elp but wonder, 'ow in 'ell their guts 'ud be,
And the thing that then was botherin' us, in all our staggerin' ranks,
Was wot in 'ell 'ud 'appen, when the Hun 'ad 'it the Yanks.

My word, it 'appened sudden, when the drive it first begun
We seed the Yanks a-runnin'! Gaw Blimey! 'Ow they run.
But the only thing that bothered us that seed the Yanks begin,
Was 'ow in 'ell to stop 'em, 'fore they got into Berlin.

They didn't 'ave no tactics, but the bloody manual,
They 'adn't learned no orders but " 'Ooray" and "Give 'em 'ell!"
But the only thing that bothered us about those leggy lads,
Was 'ow in 'ell to get the chow to feed their "Kamerads."

So we're standin' altogether in a stiffish firin' line,
If anyone should ask, you can say we're feelin' fine.
The only thing that's botherin' us and that don't bother much,
Is 'ow in 'ell to get the dirt to bury all the Dutch.

Gaw's Truth, it's rotten fightin' that all our troops 'as seen,
The 'Un's a dirty player, because 'e's always been,
But the only thing that bothered us in 'andin' 'im our thanks
Is 'ow in 'ell we'd done it, if it wasn't for the Yanks.

Oh, the English and the Irish and the 'owlin' Scotties too,
The Canucks, the Austrylians and the 'airy French *Poilu,*
The only thing that bothered us, don't bother us no more,
It's w'y in 'ell we didn't know the Yankeee boys before.
27th Division, 102nd Engineers.

By permission of *The American Legion Monthly.*

Where this comes from no one seems to know. The first trace I have of it is at Bellicourt during the Somme offensive, where it appeared among the 27th Division.

I am quite alone in believing it to be a genuine British production. There is, of course, no real proof either way. I suppose the Legion boys think it too complimentary not to have sprung from ourselves. I feel myself that it is so glowing as to be embarrassing in spots, and the cockney is a little overemphasized perhaps. The true test though, to my mind, comes in the viewpoint. Would any doughboy product of our intensive training at that time, consider that he " 'adn't 'ad no trynin' "? Would he think to notice himself or his fellows as "leggy and nosey"? Would he ever seriously reflect upon his own pet outfit (whatever private doubts he might have had of his own untried courage) to the extent of wondering " 'ow in 'ell the line 'ud look, if they should run awye"? And would he in view of our military discipline which is, more strict than in many armies, rise to remark that he " 'adn't learned no orders but ' 'Ooray' and 'Give 'em 'ell!' " I doubt it, friends, I doubt it.

To my mind, it comes from British sources and so will all good Britons present consider that we have risen and bowed our acknowledgments. Thanks very much.

TICKLER'S JAM

Tickler's jam, Tickler's jam—how I love Tickler's jam;
Sent from England in ten-ton lots handed out in one pound pots;
Every night when I'm asleep, I'm dreaming that I am

Going up the line with the best of luck,
And a pot of Tickler's jam.

From *The Veteran.*

By special permission of *The Legionary.*

OUR JAM

TUNE—*Marching Through Georgia*

The jam, the jam, the glorious gooseberry jam,
The jam, the jam, the jam that was made for me,
The jam we spread on somebody's bed or on half a loaf of bread,
The jam that feeds a hungry mob like we.

From "Tommy's Tunes."

Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., London.

Odd as it may seem to some, Tickler was jam maker to the British Army and the eternal jam ration has frequent mention. It was from the tins that ingenious Tommies invented jam tin bombs or "ticklers."

I have not thought best to include the "Ode to Tickler," although it has good points. It is set to the tune of *Sweet Genevieve* and goes

O jam for tea! O jam for tea!
Fried bully and Maconochie;

a beautiful ditty. Incidentally, Maconochie is the name of a sort of slum gullion or M. and V. served to Tommy. It contains meat, potatoes, string beans, and tomatoes. The gelatine from the meat mingles with the tomatoes to make a sort of all-embracing red aspic.

APRÈS LA GUERRE

Après la guerre fini
We'll go home to Blighty,
Won't we be sorry to leave chère Germaine—
Après la guerre fini.

Après la guerre fini
English soldier parti,
Ma'm'selle Français beaucoup picaninny—
Après la guerre fini.

Lorsque la guerre fini
Soldat Anglais parti,
Napoo bully beef comme souvenir
Madam, your soup's no bonne.

By courtesy of Colonel Sharman and Mr. Pye.
Also from "Tommy's Tunes."

Après la Guerre is to my mind the loveliest, saddest little wisp of melody that the troops of this war produced. It is really decidedly British, although I have heard of its use by Americans, and Lieutenant Nettleinghame says that the tune is founded upon the French air *Sous les Ponts de Paris* with which I am not familiar. The pity of it is that its haunting sadness is only too appropriate to the words which afford a rough brief description of the French girl deserted by her British soldier lover—sometimes as weeping over her nameless children. *C'est la guerre.*

What is given here as the second stanza is subject to many alterations. *The Veteran's* version runs

Après la guerre fini,
Soldat Anglais parti;
Mademoiselle, she cry like hell,
Over the picaninny.

Some are less serious in character—if these can be called serious—and refer to the many Anglo-French flirtations of the time. Another from *The Veteran,* goes

Après la guerre fini,
Soldats Anglais parti,
Tout les jeunes filles de Bailleul vont pleurer,
Après la guerre fini.

And here is an Australian one which strains the melody a little less

Après la guerre fini,
Australian soldat parti;
Ma'm'selle avec affaires de cœur,
Après la guerre fini.

On the whole the first stanza is best for general singing. It fits the tune with less effort than most. I refuse to be responsible for the "French" in any of them. The following fragment from *The Veteran* may or may not belong here. I have a suspicion that it has the same tune, but it is only a guess.

Madame, your beer's no bon,
Madame, your beer's no bon,
It may do for Fritz, but it gives us the pip,
Madame, your beer's no bon.

NEVER MIND

If the sergeant steals your rum
Never mind.
If the sergeant steals your rum,
Never mind.

He's entitled to his "dot,"
But he swipes the B—— lot,
If the sergeant steals your rum,
  Never mind.

If there's cabbage in the rice,
  Never mind.
If your shirt is full of lice,
  Never mind.
It's no use to fret or curse,
'Twill only make you worse,
So cheer up, Tommy lad, and
  Never mind.

If the Paymaster won't pay,
  Never mind.
If the Paymaster won't pay,
  Never mind.
Perhaps the money didn't come,
Or he spent it all for rum,
Next pay-day you'll get some,
  Never mind.

If the stripes come off your sleeve,
  Never mind.
When the Colonel stops your leave,
  Never mind.
Here's a beer, so drink it, Willie;
Those fly girls in Piccadilly
Might have made you look damn silly,
  Never mind.

If the sergeant says your daft,
  Never mind.
Maybe you are—who knows?
  Never mind,

It's no use to answer back,
'Cos he won't stand any slack,
So if he says you're daft—
  Then you are.

Though your heart may ache awhile,
  Never mind,
Though your heart may ache awhile,
  Never mind.
You'll forget about it soon,
When you've had a good old spoon,
And your heart, it aches no more,
  Never mind.

If you stop a chunk of lead,
  Never mind.
If you stop a chunk of lead,
  Never mind.
You may get a wooden cross
And a place in France to doss,
Or a cushy little Blighty,
  Never mind.

Another stanza may always be added to *Never Mind* and there never was any particular arrangement so far as I know. My acknowledgments are due to Colonel Sharman and Mr. Pye for the first stanza, to *The Legionary* for the third, fourth and seventh, and to Erskine MacDonald for the second, fifth and sixth.

The first is probably the favorite, for it is much varied and the last four lines may run

He's entitled to his tot,
But he drinks the bloomin' lot,
Till he's blinkin' well half shot.
  Never mind.

or again

If he collars all your fags,
And you've nothing on but rags,
It's his affair—not yours—so
Never mind.

MY LITTLE WET HOME IN THE TRENCH

TUNE—*Little Grey Home in the West*

I've a little wet home in a trench,
Where the rainstorms continually drench,
There's a dead cow close by,
With her hoofs towards the sky,
And she gives off a beautiful stench.
Underneath, in the place of a floor,
There's a mass of wet mud, and some straw,
And the Jack-Johnsons tear,
Through the rain-sodden air,
O'er my little wet home in the trench.

There are snipers who keep on the go,
So you must keep your "napper" down low;
And their star-shells at night,
Make the deuce of a light,
Which causes the language to flow.
Then bully and biscuits we chew,
For it's days since we tasted a stew;
But with shells dropping there,
There's no place to compare,
With my little wet home in the trench.

By courtesy of Colonel Sharman and Mr. Pye.

There is another version of this given by Lieutenant Nettleingham called *Our Little Wet Trench in the West.* Like the one

given above it is mainly description but is quite different. In some form ths song appeared in Flanders as early as 1914. It may be interesting to quote the first verse of this other version.

In a little wet trench in the west,
Where the Germans can't get at me,
It's not very grand, and we most of us stand,
And the only good thing is our tea.
Over there where the great big shells fall,
The Huns are afraid of us—lest
We should bayonet them with true British phlegm,
Should they visit our home in the west.

From "Tommy's Tunes."

Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., London.

OH, OH, OH, IT'S A LOVELY WAR

Oh, Oh, Oh, what a lovely war,
Oh, Oh, Oh, what a beautiful war.
What's the matter with eggs and ham,
When you've plum and apple jam,
As soon as Reveille has gone,
You raise your aching head,
Then you wait until the Sergeant brings
Your breakfast up to bed.

From "More Tommy's Tunes."

Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., London.

It's a Lovely War is a song that has been sung in so many ways that it is difficult to unravel it at all and arrive at any original form. One main difficulty seems to be that there's no telling whether that part about the "eggs 'n' ham" and the mythical "sergeant" has six lines in it or a dozen, and sometimes it is regarded as a chorus, and sometimes as the original verse. The additional lines when present, are usually like this:

Who wouldn't be a soldier gay?
It's a shame to take the pay.

or again

Form Fours! Right Turn!
What do we do with the money we earn?

and one has the bright comment

Oh, it's a lovely war,
Better than any we've had before.

The fullest version follows: I omit what is here regarded as the chorus because it is only the long form of the familiar "eggs 'n' ham," "sergeant," "form fours" formula just mentioned. *It's a Lovely War* was also a favorite with Americans brigaded with the British. As for the tune, it is sort of accommodating, so just stretch it here and there and give it a poke at convenient points and *make* it fit whatever version you fancy. That's the only way.

OH, OH, OH, IT'S A LOVELY WAR!

Up to your waist in water,
Up to your eyes in slush,
Using the kind of language
That makes the sergeants blush;

Who wouldn't join the army,
That's what we all inquire,
Don't we pity the poor civilians
Sitting beside the fire?

When does a soldier grumble?
When does he make a fuss?
No one is more contented
In all the world than us.
Oh, it's a cushy life, boys,
Really, we love it so;
Once a fellow was sent on leave
And simply refused to go.

Come to the cook-house door, boys,
Sniff at the lovely stew,
Who is it says the colonel gets
Better grub than you?
Any complaints this morning?
Do we complain? Not we.
What's the matter with lumps of onion
Floating around the tea?

By permission of *The American Legion Monthly*, Indianapolis, Indiana, and also from "My Pious Friends and Drunken Companions," edited by Frank Shay, copyright 1927, The Macaulay Company, New York.

GOOD-BYE-EE!

Good-bye-ee was an important British favorite that is not included here due to American copyright difficulties. However a parody current among Canadians that appeared in *The Veteran* some years ago is just as desirable, for the parody is quite as good as the original which it suggests.

Good-bye-ee! Good-bye-ee!
There's a nasty sort of noise up in the sky-ee

Though it's far away, I know,
I think it's time for me to go.
Good-bye-ee! Look spry-ee!
Flop down in the mud and mind your eye-ee.
If that 8.2 gets a hit on you—
Napoo! Crump, crump! Good-bye-ee!

By special permission of *The Legionary,* Toronto. Canada.

I had a story about this song from Lieutenant Thomson, an American, who was with the R.A.F. about fourteen years back—in the 74th Squadron to be exact. I heard the story long before I could find the right song (the number of "good-bye-little-girl-don't-cry" productions seemed almost hopeless at one time) but the story is hard to forget, so my main facts are, I know, quite accurate.

It seems that the Lieutenant had been in a German prison camp with other British prisoners when it seemed desirable to the Germans to remove about 25 of the flying officers to quarters in Bavaria. Now Lieutenant Thomson is not communicative regarding this particular German prison camp, but if you remember what we knew at the time, you can use your imagination. Suffice it to say that when the bedraggled little company arrived at Fort Prinz Karl, Ingolstadt, Bavaria, they had about what they stood in—such as it was—to represent worldly goods and comforts.

However, there were about 150 French prisoners here who had been "in residence" for some time and had chanced to receive certain packages from home. What small comforts they had were generously shared, and a general spirit of camaraderie prevailed.

In due time, the British prisoners (including the temporary Briton from whom I had the tale) were again removed and separated from their new friends. As they marched away, the French took points of vantage where they could be heard, and sang as a parting tribute this song which somehow they had managed to learn from their fellow prisoners.

TAKE ME BACK TO DEAR OLD BLIGHTY

Take me back to dear old Blighty,
Put me on the train for London town,
Drop me anywhere, drop me over there,
Birmingham, Leeds, or Manchester,
Well—I don't care.
I should like to see my best gal,
Cuddlin' up again we should be,

Hi-tee-iddly-ity, take me back to Blighty

Blighty is the place for me.

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The "Better 'Ole" was so strongly identified with the war that I have used these few snatches to remind you. It is unfortunate that only the chorus words of these five are procurable for reprint because they have little meaning without the verses and quite half the value here lies in the music. In this, they differ somewhat from the usual American song hit whose chorus often lives on quite alone after the verses are forgotten.

The play was by Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather and Arthur Eliot but the musical interpolations were by various song writers as noted.

I hope that you will be able to remember "The Better 'Ole." It was so packed with all the struggling emotions of those days. If you can there is nothing to add to that remembrance: and if you never saw it, never heard Charles Coburn do Old Bill and laughed at the tragic little war jests with a catch in your breath and an ache in your heart the opportunity is gone forever, for you will never see it played like that again. No living man can do it, for neither actors nor audience will ever be like that again—which is very fortunate.

PLUM AND APPLE

Plum and apple, apple and plum,
Plum and plum, we have always some.
The A.S.C. gets strawberry jam, and our rations of rum;
But all we poor blokes ever get is apple and plum.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR ELIOT.

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MY WORD, AIN'T WE CARRYING ON

CHORUS

My word, we are carrying on,
It's funny to think upon;
If they'd been in it well,
They'd have said that it was Hell,
In fact we know they're carrying on
We know that they are carrying on.

JAMES HEARD, MELVILLE GIDEON and
HERMAN DAREWSKI.

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I WISH I WAS IN BLIGHTY

TUNE—*Dixie*

CHORUS

And we wish we were in Blighty,
We do, we does
We wish that we were safe and sound
Where your feet ain't two yards underground.

Two yards?
Two miles!
Oh, we wish we was in Blighty!

EXTRA CHORUS

And we'll all have pig for breakfast,
Hurray! Hurrah!
We'll each of us have some German pork,
At the tip of his little toasting fork,
They'll laugh,
Not 'arf!
We'll all have pig for breakfast.

Written and composed by HERMAN DAREWSKI *and* W. R. TITTERTON.

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SHE'S VENUS DE MILO TO ME

CHORUS

'Cos she's my gal,
The best pal
In all this wide world to me;
I don't kid myself that her figure is rare,
Where there should be a curve, why it seems to be square,
And her nose
The Lord knows,
Is not all a real nose should be;
And the hair on her head is an unpleasant red,
Still, *I* know she's Venus de Milo to me.

Written and composed by PETER BERNARD *and* OLIVER DE GERDE.

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TOMMY

CHORUS

Tommy, you are a nice boy,
Tommy, I like you so;
If all the English are like you,
There I must very quickly go
For I like you so.
Tommy, I'm only joking,
I wouldn't cross the sea;
But I would like to hear you say,
That there's not a nicer girl in France than me.

JAMES HEARD and HERMAN DAREWSKI.

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D'YE KEN JAN SMUTS?

TUNE—*John Peel*

D'ye ken Jan Smuts when he's out with his gun,
D'ye ken Jan Smuts with his foes on the run,
D'ye ken Jan Smuts when he's hunting the Hun,
With his Horse and his Foot in the morning?

CHORUS

For the Kaiser he started the whole bloomin' war,
So we'll strafe old Bill till he swanks no more,
And the King shall be boss where the Hun was before,
When we haul up the flag in the morning.

And I'll follow Jan Smuts wheresoever I am,
For the swamp and the jungle I don't care a damn,

From Kilimanjaro to Dar-es-Salaam,
Till we haul up the flag in the morning.

So here's to Jan Smuts, with three British cheers,
We wouldn't half smile if the toast was in Beers.
But mind that no bloomin' old submarine hears,
Or we'll wake up in heaven in the morning.

From "Tommy's Tunes."

Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., London.

This was sung on transports going out to German East Africa.

The following song was sung by the K.A.R. throughout their campaign in the Great War and is still used as a marching song. Most of the men were recruited from Nyasaland, but the words are Swahili, the *lingua franca* for all East Africa. Both the original Swahili and the English translation I owe to the kindness of Mr. Bayles.

I have made several inquiries both in Cameroon and South Africa as to soldier songs from either white or black troops that might have originated from the war, and have received always the same answer that there were none. The songs used in the African campaigns were on the whole, those used in France with which I was already familiar; but this song and the one following, although somewhat cosmopolitan, are distinctly African, and have their own value accordingly.

The authorities for all this have been excellent. Mr. Bayles is Deputy Treasurer of Kenya Colony at the present time, Mr. von Klonowski was formerly private secretary to General Smuts, and Mr. Kuys is of the South African Government Bureau in New York and so although the results of my investigations were not at all what I anticipated, they are undoubtedly authentic, and to me, at least, very interesting.

MARCH OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES

TUNE—*Men of Harlech*

Haya, K.A.R. Asikari,
Sasa Kazi ya safari,
Sasa amri ya Serkali,
Tuende Wote Leo.

CHORUS

Amri ya Serkali,
K.A.R. Taiyari
Kali Kama Simba Sisi
Asikari Wote ni hodari
Tuenda, tuenda kupigana,
Piga Adui, Piga Sana
Vita Mbele, Haya, Mbwana
Vita Kali Leo.

Toka, Toka Nyumbani,
Wacha bibi kitandani,
Kazi yako, Kazi gani?
Kazi Vita Leo.

CHORUS

Amri ya Serkali, etc.

MARCH OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES

Come on, K.A.R. soldiers,
Now we are off,
Now it is the order of Government
That we all go away today.

CHORUS

The order of Government,
The K.A.R. is ready,
We are fierce like lions
All soldiers are brave,
Let's go, let's go and fight,
Smite the enemy, smite hard,
The battle is before us, come on, boys,
There's a fierce battle today.

Out, out of the house,
Leave the wife in bed,
Your work—what sort of work?
Your job's fighting today.

CHORUS

The order of Government, etc.

By courtesy of H. L. Bayles and Lieutenant von Klonowski.

SARIE MARAIS

Sarie Marais is ver van my hart,
Ek vrees om haar nooit weer te sien,
Sy het in die wyk van die Mooi Rivier gewoon,
Daar onder in die ou Transvaal.

CHORUS

Oo! Bring my terug na die ou Transvaal,
Daar waar my Sarie woon,
Daar onder in die mielies by die ou doornboom,
Daar by my Sarie Marais.

II

Ek was altyd bang dat die Khakis my sou vang,
En ver oor die See wegstuur,
Ek vlug toe na die sand daar by Upington se kant,
Daar anderkant die Groot Rivier.

CHORUS

Oo! Bring my terug, etc.

By courtesy of Lieutenant von Klonowski and Mr. James F. Kuys.

Sarie Marais was a song of the South African Dutch soldiers. Lieutenant von Klonowski writes me that "the original verses are in the Afrikaans language which is practically the same as Dutch. It is really a corrupt form of the high Dutch as spoken in Holland, and is recognized in the Union of South Africa as an official language." Lieutenant von Klonowski also kindly furnished me with a literal translation which I edited just sufficiently to make it more or less possible to sing. This translation follows.

"Mealies" is a kind of maize or Indian corn grown in Africa.

SARIE MARAIS

Sarie Marais is far from my heart,
I fear I shall see her no more.
She used to live near the Mooi River's banks,
Far, far in the old Transvaal.

CHORUS

O take me back to the old Transvaal
There where my Sarie lives,
There by the old thorntree that mealies surround,
There near my Sarie Marais.

That the Khakis would catch me I always had feared,
And would send me far over the Sea;
So I fled to the desert toward Upington way,
There beyond where the Groot River flows.

CHANT OF THE EGYPTIAN LABOUR CORPS

SOLO

How many days before we get our pay?

CHORUS

How many days; how many nights?

SOLO

How many days before we see our wives?

CHORUS

How many days; how many nights?

This fragment from the original Arabic is furnished by courtesy of the Rev. Ernest Pester. It is interesting to note that although East is East and West is West undoubtedly, the burden of their soldiers' songs is very similar. This is a marching song the natives used. The chorus or refrain was sung by the entire unit of course.

CARRY ON

TUNE—*Ten Little Nigger Boys*

Ten little bumble bees taking off in line,
One hit a sycamore, then there were nine.
Nine little bumble bees flying fast and straight,
One got a nasty bump, then there were eight.
Eight little bumble bees climbing up to heaven,
One struck an Archibald, then there were seven.
Seven little bumble bees attacking in a dive,
One met another one, then there were five.
Five little bumble bees way above the floor,
One saw the Hun machine, then there were four.
Four little bumble bees fighting fast and free,
One said his engine conked, and then there were three.
Three little bumble bees scrapping in the blue,
One came all over queer, and then there were two.
Two little bumble bees hiding in the sun,
One had a cross-feed jam, then there was one.
One little bumble bee, faint but still pursuing—
He hasn't come back yet—nothing further doing.

From "More Tommy's Tunes."

Cairo.

Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., London.

THE BOYS IN PALESTINE

TUNE—*From Greenland's Icy Mountains*

We came from Turkey's mountains,
To Egypt's blazing strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Are mostly choked with sand;

We've seen its ancient river,
  We've seen its palmy plain;
Our greatest hope is never
  To see the place again.

We've climbed up both the pyramids,
  We fished in the canal;
If we haven't got the sunstroke
  No doubt in time we shall.
They've placed us near to Suez,
  Our heads are fit to burst,
And we quite agree with Kipling
  That a man can raise a thirst.
We've felt those gentle showers
  Whose very rain is sand;
We've seen, like Joseph's brethren,
  The bareness of the land;
We've tried the plagues of Egypt,
  We've known the flies and lice,
And we sympathize with Pharaoh,
  Who hadn't any ice.

What though the spicy breezes
  Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
They ain't much good to us blokes
  Who sweat beside the Nile.
In vain with lavish kindness
  They issue Tickler's jam;
We're blinking with sun-blindness
  And no one cares a damn.

From Sidi Bishr to Kubri,
  From Suez to El Shatt,
There's nothing here but niggers,

Each blacker than your hat.
The sun has scorched our noses,
And our idea of bliss
Is for another Moses
To take us out of this.

Amen.

From "More Tommy's Tunes."

Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., London.

CHAPTER IX

CANADA

O Canada! We stand on guard for thee!

Among soldier poets of the Great War, Canada lays claim to two of the greatest, Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae and Robert Service. There are others of undoubted merit also, though less widely known outside their own country. Most of them are represented in an anthology by Garvin and any attempt on my part to reprint this material once more would be useless.

Many of the songs sung by Canadian troops are omitted as being not particularly war songs and also easily procurable elsewhere. Among these I should mention, *Lindy Lou, My Wild Irish Rose, Just a Song at Twilight, Roses of Picardy, Old Kentucky Home, The Sunshine of Your Smile, O Canada* and a few others. *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here,* so popular with us, was also sung by Canadians. The tune to this comes from *The Pirates of Penzance* and the words, I think, from an American college student. They resurrected too, for the duration, that old British ditty that appeared on this side of the ocean about 1906, *I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark,* and that other beautiful ballad of unknown origin that begins

> And when I die, don't bury me 'tall;
> Just pickle my bones in alcohol.

Sometimes this was sung in its native simplicity and again it might be rendered with introductory lines from that other lovely thing

> No booze today, no booze today
> We don't sell booze on Sunday—

and so on through the rest of it.

I must also mention gratefully that more of the British Section than the Canadian chapter came from Canadian sources. Colonel C. H. L. Sharman, C.M.G., C.B.E., with the assistance of Mr. E. Pye furnished me with about fifty of the best and most reputable

of the British soldier songs. Unless particularly specified all the ditties in this chapter are included by his courtesy; and some others of Colonel Sharman's selection have been placed under the "Empire" as more appropriate to that chapter. I did not, however, gain access to any of the Canadian Army newspapers, which judging from other army papers, was a misfortune. Has anybody a stray copy of *La Vie Canadienne* for instance? And was some Canadian outfit responsible for part of the *Wypers Times?*

Moreover, we must give Canada credit for several pieces of work that are read or sung by so many nations that we forget their origin; such as the famous *I Want to Go Home* for instance. Of course their proudest boast must be *Flanders Fields,* whose lines I have omitted for reasons already given. However, it might be of interest to mention that even this poem, probably the finest the war produced, was affected by its great popularity with troops; for among soldiers it was repeated with slight differences in the wording and not precisely as it originally appeared in *Punch.* In brief, there is, or was, a "military version," for even here the "other ranks" have had their way.

I could remind you of many things that made Canadian war verse what it was, but it hardly seems necessary. They are a people who conceal their virtues as carefully as other nations conceal their crimes; and they were given during the war to wearing their "crown of thorns as if it were a cap and bells."

But I need not tell you. They were only across the border and you can remember as well as I.

YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEED YOU

Come on, Tommy—Come on, Jack.
We'll guard the Home till you come back.
Come on, Sandy—Come on, Pat,
For you're true blue!
Down your tools and leave your benches,
Say "Good-bye" to all the wenches,
Take your gun, and may God speed you!
For your King and Country need you!

THE ARMY OF TODAY'S ALL RIGHT

So it's all right, it's all right now.
There's no need to worry any more.
I saw the army wasn't strong,
Everything was wrong till the day I came along.
And then the band played, they all hoorayed,
The guns fired a salvo of delight.
I joined the army yesterday,
So the army of today's all right.

* MULLIGAN

TUNE—*My Bonnie*

We had mulligan down at Valcartier,
We had mulligan when on the sea,
And now we are over in Blighty,
There's mulligan waiting for me.

CHORUS

Mulligan, mulligan,
There's mulligan waiting for me, for me.
Mulligan, mulligan,
There's mulligan waiting for me.

THE CLIMATE IN CANADA'S COLD

TUNE—*Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold*

When we're calmly and quietly told,
That the winter in Canada's cold,
And the frost and the snow,
And the "forty below"

* Mulligan is Canadian slum.

Bring discomfort to every household;
The truth I would like to unfold,
If you don't think me brazen and bold,
In June we keep dry,
And don't freeze in July,
Though the climate in Canada's cold.

L'ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai la tete
Je te plumerai la tete
Et la tete, et la tete, O—
Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
etc., etc.

Inserted more to remind you that the French Canadians were with us, than with any idea of its novelty.

YOUR HOME DOWN IN TOPHET

TUNE—*It's a Long, Long Way to My Home in Kentucky*

It's a long, long way to your home down in Tophet,
Where the brimstone's brewed and the fires blaze away.
It's a long, broad road, and you'll never get off it;
It's a big, big debt, and the devil's to pay.
Cheerio, my Wilhelm,
You ain't got long to stay.
It's a long, long way to your home down in Blazes,
And you've got to get there some day.

THE 4TH BATTALION PAY SONG

TUNE—*Onward, Christian Soldiers*

Onward, 4th Battalion,
At the close of day,
Trudging on a route march,
Looking for your pay.
Crowns and francs may vanish,
So the parsons say,
But the 4th Battalion
Still can get no pay!
Onward, 4th Battalion,
March, and fight and pray!
When you're dead and buried—
Then you'll get your pay!

Now we've come to billets
For a little stay,
What's the use of "resting,"
If we get no pay?
Discipline is dandy,
But we're growing grey
In this great adventure,
Looking for our pay.
Onward, 4th Battalion,
March and fight and pray!
When you're dead and buried—
Then you'll get your pay!

4th Canadian Infantry
Battalion, C.E.F.

France.

HELLO! HELLO! WHO THE HELL ARE WE?

TUNE—*Hello! Hello! Who's Your Lady Friend?*

'Hello! Hello! Who the hell are we?
The poor old Fifth Dismounted Cavalree.
We used to ride the same as you.
Oh! Oh! Oh! Our chances now are few,
Remorse! Remorse! They stole our blooming horse.
As Infantry we now appear to be,
For we're the boys who used to train at Salisbury—
The poor old Fifth Dismounted Cavalree.

MY M.T. 393

TUNE—*My Home in Tennessee*

My M.T. three-nine-three;
Just try and picture me,
Oh! yes, the powers that be
Must think a lot of me.
All I can think of tonight
Is two stars a-shining bright,
Won't they spot them when I've got them!
I think they're sure to let
Me in the next Gazette;
And if I am not there,
There's something wrong somewhere.
When they've pipped me and Sam Browned me,
And a decent billet found me,
When I get them—
When I get them—
Oh, my stars,—my three-nine-three!

The army form M.T. 393 is an application for commission. The "two stars" in line six refer, of course, to the insignia of a

Lieutenant, *not* to that of a Major General, as in the American Army.

I ONCE HAD A TUNIC

TUNE—*When I Wore a Tulip, and You Wore a Rose*

I met him in a dugout in an old Belgian town,
His putties they were gone, his socks were hanging down.
He had lost his Webb equipment and his old Ross rifle too.
He looked quite glum and blue as he turned and said:

CHORUS

I once had a tunic, a bright khaki tunic,
A present from Sir Sam Hughes;
How well I did bless it, how often I've cursed it
Many times while in the blues.
Old Sam made me cheery, old Fritz made me dreary,
With his whizz bangs and shrapnel too.
How I wish it was over and I was in Dover instead of in old Ypres.

From *The Veteran.*

By permission of *The Legionary.*

BOMB, BOMB, BOMB

TUNE—*Row, Row, Row, Up and Down the River*

And we bomb, bomb, bomb,
Up and down the trenches.
Yes, we bomb, bomb, bomb,
Britishers and Frenchies—
A pitching of them here, a tossing of them there,
A bowling them like cricket balls right up into the air.
And so we bomb, bomb, bomb,
In and out the trenches.

Yes, we bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb!
And we blow Brother Fritz
Into nice little bits—
And so we bomb, bomb, bomb!

BILL KAISER, WON'T YOU PLEASE GO HOME?

TUNE—*Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey*

Won't you go home, Bill Kaiser—won't you go home?
We moan the whole day long.
We're sick of digging trenches—we want to see our wenches;
'Cos we can't parley the ding-dong.
'Member the stormy days when we turned you out
Of Arras, Messines, and the Somme;
You know you're to blame for this gol-darned game,
Bill Kaiser, won't you please go home?

From *The Veteran.*

By special permission of *The Legionary.*

LA VIE PARISIENNE

TUNE—*Oh, the Gay Parisienne!*

Oh! "La Vie Parisienne,"
It does tickle all the men,
With the naughty little pictures on its pages.
And they buy each copy new,
Though it cost them fourteen sous,
And it's quite a little item from their wages.

On a bob a day!

I CALLED YOU BULLY-BEEF

TUNE—*The Broken Doll*

I called you Bully-Beef three years ago;
At first I thought you rather nice, you know.
I soon learned what you were—I wished I knew
Of something else in rations I could draw in lieu.
I don't wish old * Fray Bentos any harm,
Or hope Chicago comes to any grief;
But when I fade away, I certainly do pray
I've seen the last of you, my Bully-Beef.

A STRONG, STRONG, TALE

TUNE—*The Long Trail*

There's a strong, strong tale I'm telling
  Unto the girl of my heart,
Of the stage on which I'm acting
  A noble part;
There's a long, long yarn I'm spinning,
  And between just me and you,
It's a strong, strong line I'm peddling, and
  There's next to nothing of it true!

THE LITTLE OLD FARM OUT AT REST

TUNE—*My Little Grey Home in the West*

In the little old farm out at rest,
There are perfumes that greet every guest.

* A town in Uruguay known for its meat products, including apparently the eternal corned beef.

There's a different bouquet
For each hour of the day,
To which nightly aromas give zest.
In the yards, and the barns, and the wells,
And the sheds there are dozens of smells.
Oh! of stinks anywhere
There are none to compare
With the ones at the farm out at rest!

WHEN A JOHNNIE LIKES HIS BRAND

TUNE—*On the Staff*

When a Johnnie likes his Brand,
And there ain't a drop to hand,
He feels rotten—simply rotten!
When he needs some bucking up,
And there ain't no cheery cup
To be gotten.
For a nip of ten-year-old,
When the weather's wet and cold,
Is almost a necessity, you know.
I don't mean a bally lot,
Just an ordinary tot,
When one's spirits, like the temperature, are low.
But I've got the stuff!
I've secured a dozen bottles neatly done up in a case,
Of some special "Tommy Talkers" from a fellow at the Base.
And when a pal drops in—Well, I can look him in the face!
I've got the stuff!
Eh, what? I've got the stuff!

ARE YOU THERE?

TUNE—*Over There*

Are you there? Are you there?
Are you there? Are you there? ARE YOU THERE?
For the bell is ringing,
The lines are singing,
With their buzz-buzz-buzzing everywhere!
Can you there
Hear me swear?
Is this whole damn outfit in repair?
No! I can't hear a blessed word you're saying,
So will just ring off, and we'll chuck it in despair.

EVERY LITTLE "MOVEMENT"

TUNE—*Ditto*

Every little Movement has a meaning of its own;
Every blessed order comes by wire or telephone.
Sometimes, it's just a mere rag-chewing;
Sometimes, it's just a damn'd stand-to-ing;
Sometimes, there's really something doing;
Sometimes—you've got to go!

M. AND V.

TUNE—*A Little Bit of Heaven*

Oh, a little bit of everything got in a tin one day,
And they packed it up and sealed it in a most mysterious way.
And some "Brass Hat" came and tasted it,

And " 'Pon me, Sam," says he,
"We shall feed it to the soldiers,
And we'll call it M. and V."

M. and V. is of course Meat and Vegetables, just another version of the "good old army stew."

I WANT TO GO HOME

CHORUS

I want to go home,
I want to go home,
The Whizz-bangs and shrapnel around me do roar,
I don't want this old war any more;
Take me far o'er the sea,
Where the Alleman cannot get me,
Oh, my!
I don't want to die,
I want to go 'ome.

LIEUTENANT GITZ RICE and
PERCIVAL KNIGHT.

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From the First Canadian Contingent. Said to have been composed at the first battle of Ypres, 1915. The music to this may still be obtained from the copyright owners and is very likely as near an original as one is likely to find. I have, however, three other tunes to similar words that plainly show a relationship but are after all markedly different.

There is also an American Army song that I believe antedates the Great War which is not the same but very reminiscent. It is called *I Don't Want No More Army* and the concluding line of the refrain is

Lordy, how I want to go home.

I mention this song in passing to illustrate the impossibility of ever saying definitely *here* is the original of an army song. In spite of which I am quite willing to give the honors to Lieutenant Gitz Rice, and return to the World War versions forthwith.

The third line of *I Want to Go Home* lends itself to endless variation, such as

"Machine guns and minnies are there by the score"

or

"Where there are shells and Jack Johnsons galore," etc.,

but the whole song is, of course, subject to the usual endless variants, of which I have given in different places three American and one British. A British version may always be distinguished by the second to the last line. The Yank always sings "Oh, my! I'm too young to die!" while Tommy uses the line in Lieutenant Gitz Rice's version. Whatever words you sing, matters not; in any form, *I Want to Go Home* is one of the half dozen songs that came from the trenches during the war whose popularity was beyond all question and all boundary lines.

ARE WE DOWN-HEARTED?—NO!

Are we down-hearted? No!
Then let your voices ring,
And all together sing,
Are we down-hearted? No!
Not while Britannia rules the waves (Not likely),
While we have Jack upon the sea,
And Tommy on the land we needn't fret.
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But we're not down-hearted yet!

THE ROAD TO LA BASSÉE

TUNE—*Mandalay*

On the road to La Bassée,
Where we 'ad the deuce to pay,
Dodgin' shells and minenwerfers,
And such triflin' truck as they.
Right in front of La Bassée,
In the bloomin' trench we lay,
And the 'Uns yelled "Hoch der Kaiser,"
As we passed the time o' day.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN

Here we are—here we are—here we are again;
Here we are—here we are—here we are again;
We licked you on the Marne—we trimmed you on the Aisne;
We gave you 'ell at Neuve Chapelle—and
Here we are again.

From *The Veteran.*

By permission of *The Legionary.*

I am not supplying the tune to this, although it is an original one. There is, however, a version published by Feist during the war called *We Stopped Them at the Marne.* The words are not the same, but the tune may be similar, probably is, for this is one of the better known songs.

I WISH YOU COULD SEE MY DUGOUT LOW

TUNE—*I Wish You Could See My Bungalow*

I wish you could see my dugout low,
Where the bullets come and go;
A nice little home so frowsy
Where everything you touch is lousy.

There among the ice and snow,
Where the bullets come and go,
There's rats and mice and other creatures
Forming fours upon my features
In my dugout low—
Where the bullets come and go.

From *The Veteran.*

By permission of *The Legionary.*

DARK, AND THE SHELLS ARE FALLING

TUNE—*Somewhere a Voice Is Calling*

Dark, and the shells are falling,
Thick as can be.
Somewhere the Sergeant's bawling—
Bawling for me.
Night, and the rain is teeming,
Oh, Mountain Dew,
Now I am vainly dreaming—
Dreaming of you.

THE END OF LEAVE

TUNE—*A Perfect Day*

When you come to the end of a ten-days' leave,
And you stand at the Station gate.
Oh, they don't give a cuss if it's Christmas Eve,
The train goes at half-past eight.
So you take your seat and a sigh you heave,
But say—how it gets your goat,
When you come to the end of your ten-days' leave,
And the last of a ten pound note.

THE RED, RED ROAD TO HOOGE

On parade, get your spade,
Fall in, shovel and pick brigade.
Theirs to carry fatigue for half a league,
And a trench to dig with a spade.
Through the dust and ruins of Ypres town,
The seventeen inch still battering down,
Soaring down with a fiery breath,
On the red, red road to Hooge.

Who is the one whose time has come,
Who won't return when the work is done?
Who will leave his bones, on the bloodstained stones,
On the red, red road to Hooge.
Onward the Canadians, never a stop,
To the sand-bagged trench and over the top,
Over the top if a bullet you stop
On the red, red road to Hooge.

The burst and roar of a hand grenade,
Welcomes us on to the death parade,
The pit of gloom, the valley of doom,
The crater down at Hooge.
For many a soldier from the Rhinè,
Must sleep tonight in a bed of lime,
It's a pitiless grave for a brave or a knave
Is the crater down at Hooge.

Hark! Who started to fusilade,
Sling your rifle, bring your spade
And fade away e'er break of day,
Or a hole you'll fill at Hooge.

Call the "Roll" and another name
Is gone to swell the roll of fame,
So we carry a cross to mark the loss,
Of a chum who fell at Hooge.

Not a deed for the paper man to write,
No glorious charge in the dawning light,
The "Daily Mail" won't tell the tale
Of the night work out at Hooge—

. . . . . .

In the shot and shell, at the Gate of Hell,
On the red, red road to Hooge.

F. H. BLACKWELL, 2nd C.M.R. Battalion, C.E.F.

By special permission.

THE BOSCHES ARE BOLTING FROM PICARDY

TUNE—*Roses of Picardy*

The Bosches are bolting from Picardy,
And Wilhelm does nought but repine,
And Ludendorff's job is in jeopardy,
And Hindenburg's losing his line.
The Germans are moving from Picardy,
And their noses are turned towards the Rhine;
Yes, the Prussians are clearing from Picardy,
But the country still stinks of the swine!

CHAPTER X

AUSTRALIA

That from their ruin a taller pride—
  Not for these eyes to see—
May clothe one day the valley side . . .
  Non nobis, Domine.

C. E. W. BEAN.

From *Non Nobis.*

The Australian chapter, with the exception of one or two poems and a few notes, is a compilation of my friend, Arthur Boughton. The verse is mainly from a soldiers' newspaper, called *Aussie* which was published in the field. Mr. Boughton is the owner of one of the two extant sets of this very interesting sheet, the other being in the Museum at Sydney. A collaboration at the distance of nine thousand odd miles has its difficulties and I have consequently been empowered to make such alterations as seemed wise, while my collaborator contented himself with mailing material, explanatory notes, and advice at intervals.

Australian slang has demanded a few explanations. It is a little bewildering at first, especially as some is so like our own and some so different. The addition of an occasional entirely superfluous *R* is typical and makes it harder. In actual speech this gives a familiar flavor of New England, or indeed of old England from which we both inherit it. I presume this is the explanation of the mysterious *R* in khaki, for in British it's "kharki," sometimes even spelled that way. However most of the selections are clear enough, being rather in the common tongue that is good from Capetown to Georgian Bay, and from Sydney to New York, but if you want a taste of the real vernacular, try *Leave-taking of Leave.*

THE AUSTRALAISE

Fellers of Australier,
Blokes an' coves an' coots,
Shift yer — — carcasses,
Move yer — — boots,
Gird yer — — loins up,
Get yer — — gun,
Set the — — enemy,
An' watch the — — run!

CHORUS

Get a — — move on,
Have some — — sense,
Learn the — — art of
Self de — — fence.
Have some — — brains be-
Neath yer — — lids,
An' swing a — — sabre
Fer the missus an' the kids,
Chuck supportin' — — posts
An' strikin' — — lights,
Support a — — family an'
Strike fer yer — — rights.

W'en the — — bugle
Sounds "Ad — — vance,"
Don't be like a flock er sheep
In a — — trance.
Biff the — — foeman
Where it don't agree,
Spifler — — cate him
To Eternity.

Fellers of Australier,
  Cobbers, chaps, an' mates,
Hear the — — enemy
  Kickin' at the gates.
Blow the — — bugle,
  Beat the — — drum,
Upper cut and out the cow
  To Kingdom — — come.

C. J. DENNIS.

From *The Sydney Bulletin.*

This energetic verse "originated from a request by the *Bulletin* for an 'Australaise'—something expressive of a strong patriotism in vigorous and plain language. 'Den' gave it to them"—with his tongue in his cheek we should say.

It was written before the war but had a second flare of popularity at that time, for "when the First Division was in camp, the *Australaise* was to be found in almost every mess."

Although it is certainly written in the vernacular and has more than a dash of slang, I see nothing in it that should be puzzling unless possibly "cobbers" in the last stanza. Cobber is equivalent to Buddy. "Digger" and "Pongo" may be similarly used but are, after all, distinctly different. Digger is a term of disputed origin but it probably appeared at the time of the Australian gold rush and was revived during the war, suggested by the digging of trenches. It is similar to the American "Doughboy" and the Canadian "Mac," having a national idea which is jealously guarded. As for "Pongo" it usually has a horsey application, but let that go for the present.

THE SLIPRAILS AND THE SPUR

A hand upon the horse's mane,
  And one foot in the stirrup set,
And, stooping back to kiss again,
  With "Good-bye, Mary! don't you fret!

When I come back"—he laughed for her—
"We do not know how soon 'twill be;
I'll whistle as I round the spur—
You let the sliprails down for me."

. . . . . .

And often at the set of sun,
In winter bleak and summer brown,
She'd steal across the little run,
And shyly let the sliprails down.
And listen there when darkness shut
The nearer spur in silence deep;
And when they called her from the hut
Steal home and cry herself to sleep.

HENRY LAWSON.

From *Aussie.*

This is reprinted from *Aussie,* but the editor does not make clear whether he is reprinting from the *Sydney Bulletin,* or not. If we are disturbing anyone's peace of mind by this inclusion, he has our humblest apologies, but I like it too much to leave it out on that remote chance.

To "let the sliprails down" is equivalent to letting down pasture bars. The same custom of leaving loose rails for a gate prevails in both countries.

ON A TRANSPORT

In my dreamy contemplation of the ever-rolling sea,
By the deck-rail of our good ship Port Napier;
Through the softened shades of twilight, there are visions
borne to me,
Of our old Australian bushland, oh, so dear:
And whispering gum trees spread their shade beneath a
summer sun,

There's fragrance wafted over hill and plain;
There are days of eager toiling, for the reaping has begun,
In the harvest fields of yellow ripened grain.

And memory leads me down the years to boyhood's careless days—
To the wild wood where I revelled in my glee,
When the glory of the wattles set the uplands all ablaze,
And the wild birds carolled joyously to me;
O the days were filled with splendour, and the days were light and free,
In that far-off fairy-land of green and gold;
Ah, by far the sweetest pleasures that this old world has for me
Are the memories of those rustic days of old

ARTHUR BOUGHTON, 39th B'n.

From *Aussie.*

COMING OVER

Watchin', waitin', watchin'—though the dreary hours pall—
Wearin' web equipment holdin' fifty rounds o' ball—
Gazin' out upon the sea,
Searchin' for the enemy—
Waitin', watchin', waitin'—ever ready for the call.
Watchin', waitin', watchin'—on the transport A Sixteen—
Safety catches forward and the rifles mighty clean—
Livin', full o' happy hope,
Lookin' for a periscope—
Waitin', watchin', waitin'—for a German submarine.

JAMES M. RYAN.

From *Aussie.*

A SONG OF THE NAVY

Sing us a song of the Northern Seas—
(Where the ships patrol and the gunners freeze)
Of sights and fights and Jack's delights—
The pudding and beef and gravy;
Sing us a song to clearly show
That the boys in blue are the ones to go,
And they wait like hounds for a skulking foe—
Sing us a song of the Navy.

J. M. Ryan.

From *Aussie.*

BOYS OF THE DARDANELLES

Old England needs the men she breeds,
There's fighting to be done.
Australians heard, and were prepared,
To help her every son.
From out the bay they sailed away,
Our pride, Australia's own,
And so today, they're far away,
And some in the great unknown.

Boys of the Dardanelles,
They faced the shot and shells,
Down in hist'ry their fame will go,
Our children's children their daring deeds will know.
Australian lads in kharki and blue
Have shown the World what they can do.
How they fought and fell
The cables daily tell,
Boys of the Dardanelles.

'Neath foreign skies with eager eyes,
Those boys of the Dardanelles,
By the dear old flag with never a lag,
Have fought and served it well.
From scraping keel, with plunging steel,
They quickly got to work.
In kharki kit they did their bit,
And soon were upon the Turk.

Words and music by MARSH LITTLE.

Copyright for Australia by W. J. Deane & Son, Sydney, 1915.

This was published in 1915 which, if you recollect, was the year of the great disasters on Gallipoli. Five heroic landings were made with terrific losses followed by trench warfare in the desert.

FOR AULD LANG SYNE
AUSTRALIA WILL BE THERE

Rally round the banner of your country,
Take the field with brothers o'er the foam;
On land or sea, wherever you be;
Keep your eye on Germany.
But England, home, and beauty have no cause to fear.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
No! No!! No! No!! No!!!
Australia will be there.
Australia will be there.

Words and music by W. W. FRANCIS.

Dinsdales' Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, Australia.

This song appearing early in the war had a perfectly astonishing success. The copy I have was apparently published directly after one of the Five Landings (although which one is not mentioned) which places it in 1915. At that time, the 52nd thousand

was just published. How many were sold later, I have no means of knowing but in a country of six million inhabitants, even this is significant. The Australian troops charged to it at the Dardanelles which alone should have made it famous and it was accepted almost as a national air. Mr. Boughton writes of it, "Our boys' masterpiece. Sung with great success on many a weary march, night attack, café carousal, etc."

The song is not published in this country but the tune is incorporated in a quick march for band under the title "Australia Will be There" and published, I believe, by E. Osborne & Company. I do not know where the words may be found in their entirety short of Australia.

SAMOAN MAIL SONG

TUNE—*The Ringers*

Behold us, behold us, the terriers, the fighters,
Who've won the Pacific for the land whence we hail;
But now we have landed in peaceable Samoa,
Our heads hold no thoughts but the coming of the Mail.
"Nanva Tangla" they've signalled you here,
It ain't much to ask for, four mails in a year,
We wait you—we date you—the day that you sail,
For the hours pass like lead till you come with the Mail.

We've ear-aches and festers, mosquito-bites and fevers,
They're many though varied the maladies we ail,
But you bring the balm and the medicine all curing,
The lamest sun bard when you come with the Mail.
"Nanva Tangla" they've signalled you here,
We'll tow you in, gloating in oceans of beer;
We'll drink you, we'll sink you, we'll wind up in gaol,
For we don't give a damn when you come with the mail.

Second Brigade, N.Z. Field Art.

From "More Tommy's Tunes."
Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., London.

MUD AND DUST

An Aussie tramped the muddy road,
'Mid snow and rain and sleet,
The rain was running down his back,
And oozing from his feet.

He carried sack and rifle,
And ammunition, too,
He wore his helmet "at alert,"
As all good Aussies do.

With rations in a haversack
And tucker sodden through,
He used some * dinkum lingo,
As all good Aussies do.

At last he turned a corner,
Saw a notice on a tree,
And waded to his neck in mud
To see what it could be.

I cannot now remember
Exactly what it said,
It didn't seem to please him,
For this is how it read:

As on you plod your weary way,
Consider our desire,
For if you kick up too much dust,
You'll draw artillery fire.

H. EEKHOFF.

From *Aussie.*

* "Dinkum" is a term of approbation with the general idea of real, or genuine; sometimes, as in this case, an adjective, sometimes a noun. "The dinkum oil" signifies the "low down," the straight of it, i.e., the truth. As a noun, one may say, "Oh, he's a dinkum," which might be translated the "real thing," a "regular guy."

MARCHING SONG

TUNE—*The Church's One Foundation* (*Aurelia*)

We are the Ragtime Army,
The Aussie Infantry.
We cannot shoot
We don't salute:
What b—y good are we?

And when we get to Berlin,
The Kaiser he will say,
"Hoch! Hoch! Mein Gott!
What a b—y rotten lot
To draw six bob a day!"

From *Aussie,* March 8, 1918.

One version of many current in the British Army.

THE SHELL

A shrieking wail as a shell goes by
And a distant boom and a glow,
White wreaths of smoke floating up to the sky
And a crimson stain on the snow.

PIP.

Aussie, March 8, 1918.

GOING UP THE LINE

Are yer going up the line?
Well, that distant cloud's a sign
That the cavalry's in action, and I guess the fight's fine—
But ye're white—yer hands are shaking—
Ah, ye're young—yer heart is breaking—

Try to keep yerself from thinking—
Get yer rum—yer should be drinking.
For it's human flesh that's stinking.
As ye're going up the line.

Are yer going up the line?
Well, that heap o' dead's a sign
That we're moving slowly forward to the German River Rhine.
Have yer rifle trailed and ready
And yer trigger finger steady—
It's a risky game ye're playing—
Yes, I know the words ye're saying,
For to Gawd above ye're praying,
As ye're going up the line.

J. M. RYAN.

From *Aussie.*

IN OLD BAILLEUL

The old town crumbles into dust
Beneath the German guns;
The cobble-stones of old Bailleul
Are soiled by filthy Huns.

Old storied haunt of memory,
Arched and gabled when life began:
The Cloister—the Church with Flemish eyes—
The Market Place—
The blue-eyed maids, wine-red cheeked,
With lips to kiss a man—
The creaking cart to oxen yoked,
Moving with pond'rous grace—
The padre, and the nun grey-haired
And virtue-strong, with soul unscarred—

La mère, les petites filles—the bold garçon—
The Aerodromes. . . .
And now your streets are splashed with blood
And foes defile your sacred homes
O Old Bailleul!

The old town crumbles into dust
Beneath the German guns;
The cobble stones of Old Bailleul
Are soiled by filthy Huns.

FRANK CROSSLEY.

From *Aussie.*

THE SONG OF THE RIFLE

This is the song of the rifle,
The rifle that barks and bites,
The rifle that sings and stutters,
Performing its deathly rites.

Shiny of barrel and vicious,
And stodgy of stock am I,
Grooved and rifled and brilliant:
Wherever I speak men die.

I need a keen eye behind me,
A grip that is firm and strong,
A good strong heart and determined:
And then I can hiss my song.

I live where the strong man's passion
Is mixed with the lust for blood—
Where the five-point-nine is crooning
Its song with the whizz-bangs dud.

I am created by mankind
To kill the created of God:
I rule the earth in its madness,
I put men under the sod.

I make the widows and orphans,
I blight the happiest life,
I send the souls to their Maker:
I am the King in the strife.

And glazed are the eyes and staring,
Sightless and turned to God,
Where I have spoken and stuttered—
For I am the Chastening Rod.

E. A. TARDENT.

From *Aussie.*

UP AND DOWN THE DUCKBOARDS

Up and down the duckboards,
Up and down again,
Blinking at the star-shells
Falling in the rain.

Thinking of the rations,
If they're getting wet,
Thinking if there's any rum,
How much we will get.

Thinking if a bullet hurts—
If there's any pain.
Yow! Here comes a blanky bomb!
Up and down again!

Up and down the duckboards
  Screwing at the moon,
Musing on the bally strafe
  We got this afternoon.

Thinking how explosives
  Make you jump and shake and sweat,
Thinking how you duck and run.
  And hug the parapet.

Thinking of the next one—
  If it's joy or pain.
Hell! It's getting hotter!
  Up and down again!

Up and down the duckboards,
  Good and bad and worn,
From "stand-to" in the evening
  Till "carry-on" at morn.

Thinking all the blooming things
  You never thought before,
Thinking of the stunt last night,
  And feeling pretty sore.

Thinking you'll chuck thinking up,
  Before you go insane—
Two whizz-bangs! A nine-two-eight!
  Up and down again!

J. R. S.

From *Aussie.*

A good bit. "Stand To" is the order given at night and every man takes up his position in the trench prepared for any emergency, and stays on the alert all night, till "Carry On" is given in the dawn. At the order "Carry On" the relief platoon takes charge and mans the trench and the night guard get a few hours' "rest."

A. S. B.

THERE'S A SHIP THAT'S BOUND FOR BLIGHTY

CHORUS

There's a ship that's bound for Blighty;
There's a smile behind the tears,
There's a star of hope still shining
Through the dark, dark, dreary years.
There's a day of joy for someone,
When the night of pain is through,
For the ship that's bound for Blighty
May bring a loved one home to you.

WORTON DAVID and LILIAN SHIRLEY.

Reproduced by permission of The Lawrence Wright Music Company, 19 Denmark Street, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2, from whom complete copies of the song can be obtained, price two shillings.

Always popular coming from the trenches.

A. S. B.

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere a gun lies red with rust
And there 'mid the trampled clay,
The bones of the gunner will turn to dust
That the March winds waft away.

Somewhere a mother's eyes are red
As she weeps for her only boy,
Who sleeps at peace in his muddy bed,
Out by the Corduroy.

J. McHUGH.

From *Aussie.*

THE DUCKBOARD TRACK TO THE LINE

White, gleaming white, on either side
Of a duckboard track to the line:
Black, smudged black, and a new hole wide,
By the duckboard track to the line.

Snow, white and soft as a new-made shroud,
On a duckboard track to the line,
And white flares arch, and guns are loud
By the duckboard track to the line.

And fatigues pass up and fatigues come down
A duckboard track to the line.
Ten go up . . . and six come down
A duckboard track from the line.

Huddled shapes four on the black-smudged snow,
And a broken track to the line:
And the wind tells a tale that is whispered low
Of a duckboard track to the line.

F. H. M.

From *Aussie.*

TO ANZACS, TOUCHING REINFORCEMENTS

. . . . . .

Late, but not cravenly, they crossed the water;
Too late for fame; full early for mischance;
Knowing full well the bitter toil of slaughter,
The squalor, blood and misery of France.

So when the Auditor writes up his story,
And sets on every man His final price,
To you may be assigned the greater glory,
To them, perhaps, the greater sacrifice.

KOIK.

From *Aussie.*

I quote only the fifth and last stanza.

HE LANDED IN LONDON

He landed in London and straightway strode
To A.I.F.H.Q. in Horseferry Road,
When a buckshee Lance-Jack—a keen-eyed M.P.—
Said: "There's dirt on your tunic and mud on your knee."
The Pongo just gave him a quizzical glance
And said: "I've just come from the trenches in France
Where shrapnel is flying and comforts are few,
And they won't wash the trenches, even for you!"

"Lance Private."

From *Aussie.*

A.I.F.H.Q. signifies Australian Imperial Forces, Headquarters. A "Lance Jack" is, I believe, a Lance Corporal. "Buckshee" seems to have a bowing acquaintance with the Oriental "baksheesh," a tip. In Australian, it sometimes means something for nothing, surplus, but in this case, we gather the general idea is either superfluous or "no 'count." As for "pongo" it usually refers to an ordinary soldier belonging to the mounted troops or a mule team driver, but it can be applied almost at will.

REMORSE

I went with a Woman of Vice tonight
Whom I chanced to meet—
In a Paris street—

She walked, admired by crowds of men,
I stared—she smiled—I stared again—
Her eyes, so challenging, whispered "Come,"
Though her red, lascivious lips were dumb.
And Wrong was victor—I murdered Right—
And went with a Woman of Vice tonight.

I thought of a girl in her home tonight—
As I sat, at ten,
In the harlot's den—
And lost my lust for the woman's charms.
She laughed—I frowned—she seized my arms—
A vision came, as it oft had done,
Of a future wife and a baby son,
And—"God Almighty!" I cried in fright,
"I'm here with a Woman of Vice tonight!"

JAMES M. RYAN.

From *Aussie.*

THE SACRIFICE

The scent of wattle haunts me still,
Ah! You can guess the place
Where girls wear starlight in their eyes
And sunrise in each face.

We've seen old Pharaoh's mystery land
And Oriental charms.
The flash from eyes of beauteous hue,
Acknowledged with salaams.

We carried memories to France,
We oft recalled, and then
Their place was superseded
By the chic Parisienne.

We've been to England once or twice
And up to Scotland too,
We've sniffed the fragrance of the hills,
And heather bathed in dew.

Yes, we've seen many wondrous sights,
But here I must explain,
I'd just forget them all to see
A dogfight in Balmain!

LOUIS SAMUELS.

From *Aussie.*

LEAVE-TAKING OF LEAVE

The world, includin' Blighty, 'as gone grey,
There's nothin' much to live for. W'en the clues
Give me the glad, I look the other way.
I 'aven't got the 'eart, somehow, to booze,
I've 'ad enough o' theaters an' plays,
The Strand might just as well be miles away.
I got the indigoes because today's
The 14th day.

I've 'ad a slashin' time, an' done me tin,
An' it was worth the fifty quid I 'ad;
Me an' me cobber would 'a' got shot in
On'y we dooked the John a 'alf a Brad.
An' now it's fini—like me bloomin' cash,
'Ope the ship sinks before we get 'arf way.
I've come er gutzer, digger—done me dash. . . .
The 14th day.

H. F. WINTERS.

From *Aussie.*

A "Brad" is short for Bradbury, the name on the English notes. Accordingly a "Brad" is one pound, and "half a Brad" is ten shillings. To "dook" is to bribe or tip. The general idea of this line and the next is, of course, that he and his pal would have been put in jail but they bribed the policeman ten shillings to let them go.

It is my impression that "gutzer" is one of those trench words that it would be as well on the whole not to teach Junior, but it is, after all, quite harmless. It has a wide use in various ways, but the primary thought is a "fall." To "come a gutzer" is to "come a cropper" either literally or figuratively; by tripping on a loose duckboard, or losing a bet, or telling a story that "falls flat," or in any other way.

BALLADE OF IMPERFECTION

Women of shattered Picardy,
  Daughters of blood-stained Flanders, hail!
I watch you in your riven fields
  Wielding the spade, the hoe, the flail—
Your courage like an oriflamme
  Lighting your race's epic past—
Then gloomily I muse on this:
  Why are your boots so flat and vast?

In broken towns so near the line
  They hear the guns all night and day,
You still are seen with cheeks as fair,
  And lips as red, and eyes as gay,
As any in our quiet land:
  Approving glances would be cast
Upon your figures anywhere;—
  Why are your boots so flat and vast?

The small, proud head that tells of caste
(Your heritage from ancient Spain),
The quick, kind smile, the gentle voice,
The Gaelic wit—all, all, are vain
To charm when viewed conjointly with
The dreadful boots you wear. They blast
Enthusiasm at its source.
Why are your feet so flat and vast?

ENVOI

Brave women of the Western front!
Here you epitomize all life,
Where each fresh idol that appears,
Surges awhile above the strife,
And then exposed for what it is,
Is softly in the ash-heap cast—
A figure with defective feet
In boots amorphous, flat, and vast.

JOHN DALLEY.

From *Aussie*.

"AUSSIE" FRAGMENTS

I

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

There was a young Hun of Berlin
Who picked up a bomb with a pin;
When he took the pin out
He was sent with a clout
To the place all Huns should be in.

II

Old Madam d'Otsox
Went to the Grub-box

Chips for the Diggers to cut, sir;
But when she got there
Fini pomme de terre,
So the poor Digs kummagutzer.

JOKE ARROLL.
(Perhaps nom de plume for Joe Carroll?)

III

* There was an old Fritz of Strashein,
Who was blown to bits by a mine;
As the Kaiser's last hope
He was turned into soap,
And returned once again to the line.

IV

SOLDIER'S CHORUS

Corn beef and bally big hunks of bread,
Pork and beans, the stink would kill you dead,
Stew that walks without being led—
For a soldier's guts
Get no juicy cuts
In the firing line.

"A" Coy. 39th Battalion.

PEACE TERMS

I don't desire that Hans and Fritz
Should all be blown to little bits;
It is a Peace I wish to see—
Their pieces are no use to me.

* This refers to a rumor, whether true or false, I never knew, that the scarcity of oils and fats in Germany had led the authorities to extract them from the bodies of the slain.

But I would hang the Kaiser high
With all his pirate company—
As high, we'll say, as his name smells;
And shoot him down with Archie shells.

Then Hans and Fritz would be quite free
To go back to their Germany;
They have, of course, to live somewhere,
We'll not object if it is there.

But, as to beat their chiefs we mean,
While Hans and Fritz still stand between
Just vengeance and their bloody lords,
Bullets and shells are their rewards.

I don't desire that Hans and Fritz
Should all be blown to little bits;
Their pieces are no use to me—
It is a Peace I wish to see!

HAMER.

From *Aussie.*

THE WEST LAND OF THE SOUTH

Beyond the Range of Mountains
  That guards the Sydney side,
There lies a land I'll always love:
  A land of spaces wide.

A lone land, a strong land,
  Where Silence holds its sway:
Where ibis swing, and wild-ducks wing,
  All through the summer day.

It calls me ever westward,
Far from the ways of men:
Where distance stretches limitless,
Beyond the strongest ken.

A far land, a free land,
Where light and shadow meet;
Where soft winds blow, like music low,
Among the fields of wheat.

The west-wind in the blue-grass,
The trefoil beds in flower,
Come back to me, o'er half the world,
In many a dreaming hour.

The West Land, the best land,
Where men can still be free,
Where dust storms ride, and grey streams glide;
The only land for me.

Across the heaving ocean
And leagues of sleepless foam,
My own brown land calls out to me;
My own land calls me home.

N. CUNNINGHAM.

From *Aussie.*

THE LAST BARRAGE

When the last barrage has lifted,
And the dawn of Right breaks thro',
And back we trail to our Bushland—
We will drink, dear friends, to you.

We will drink a toast to our comrades,
Who fought with us side by side,
And fell ere the barrage lifted,
And the dust of battle died.

PIP.

From *Aussie.*

RIDING BOUNDARY

Riding the boundary on my trusty old hack,
Memories come crowding and carry me back—
Back to the days that to limbo have fled
Bringing back days that are gone, from the dead.

Pals of my war days trailing behind,
Fetching 'em back to the fold of my mind,
Jolly good pals which at present I lack,
As I ride round the boundary on my trusty old hack.

ARTHUR BOUGHTON.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The appended bibliography in connection with the foregoing text is designed to cover representatively but as completely as possible the American war songs and verse published during the war period, and to link them together in one volume for reference. Note particularly the inclusion of books containing examples of war verse among other matter. I assume a complementary knowledge of other collections such as *Sound Off!* (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation) for Army songs, *The Book of Navy Songs* (Doubleday, Doran), and *Singing Soldiers* (Charles Scribner's Sons) for negro troop songs. "The Songs My Mother Never Taught Me" (Macaulay) is a valuable miscellaneous collection of war ditties. For sheet music Leo. Feist, Inc., published much the greatest number of war songs, both of the troop folk song type and the work of professional writers. Some of these are gathered into an inexpensive collection called *Songs the Soldiers and Sailors Sing.*

The British lists do not pretend to be at all complete but may prove useful for comparison.

SONGS SUNG IN THE GREAT WAR PERIOD NOT INCLUDED IN THE FOREGOING TEXT

AMERICAN

America, Here's My Boy.....Joe Morris Co.
America, I Love You.....Waterson, Berlin & Snyder
Back Home in Tennessee.....Waterson, Berlin & Snyder
Bing! Bang! Bing! 'Em on the Rhine.....Remick
Giddy Giddap! Go on! Go on!.....Frank K. Root & Co.
Give a Little Credit to the Navy.....Remick
Going Back Home.....John Church Co.
Hip! Hip! Hurray! We Are Marching Away.....Watson, Quinn & Toy
The Home Road.....Schirmer
How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?.....Waterson, Berlin & Snyder
I May Be Gone for a Long, Long Time....Broadway Music Corp.
I'm Sorry I Made You Cry.....Leo. Feist

I Want to Go Back to Michigan.....Waterson, Berlin & Snyder
Indiana.....Shapiro Bernstein
Joan of Arc.....Waterson, Berlin & Snyder
The Last Long Mile.....Chappell-Harms
Look at the Ears on Him.....Leo. Feist
Lookout Mountain.....Shapiro Bernstein
Long Boy.....Shapiro Bernstein
Missouri Waltz.....F. J. A. Forster
My Belgian Rose.....Leo. Feist
My Little Girl.....Broadway Music Corp.
Nancy Lee.....Leo. Feist
The Navy Took Them over and the Navy Will Bring Them Back.....Leo. Feist
Oh, Frenchy.....Broadway Music Corp.
Oh! How I Hate to Get Up!.....Waterson, Berlin & Snyder
One for All and All for One.....Art Music Inc.
Sailing.....Leo. Feist
Salvation Lassie of Mine.....Leo. Feist
Service Flag Carol.....Grinnell Bros., Music House, Detroit
Sweet Adeline.....M. Witmark
Sweet Genevieve.....Wm. A. Pond & Co.
They Were All Out of Step But Jim.....Waterson, Berlin & Snyder
Tulip and Rose.....Leo. Feist
Wee, Wee Marie.....McCarthy & Fisher
We Never Did That Before.....Remick
When I'm Through with the Arms of the Army, I'll Come Back to the Arms of You.....Leo. Feist
When We Wind Up the Watch on the Rhine.....Leo. Feist
When Yankee Doodle Learns to Parley Vous Francais.....A. J. Stasny Co.
Would You Rather be a Colonel with an Eagle on Your Shoulder or a Private with a Chicken on Your Knee.....Leo. Feist

BRITISH

Blighty.....Francis, Day & Hunter
Christ in Flanders.....Chappell
God Be with Our Boys Tonight.....Boosey
God Bring You Safely to Our Arms Again.....Chappell
Good-Bye-ee.....Francis, Day & Hunter
I Don't Care Where They Send Me.....Francis, Day & Hunter
I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark.....Remick
I'm Sick of This 'ere Blinkin' War.....Leo. Feist
Keep on Hopin'.....Boosey
Keep the Home Fires Burning.....Chappell
A Khaki Lad.....Chappell
Little Grey Home in the West.....Chappell
A Little Regiment of Your Own.....Leo. Feist

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One Year 1914-1915.....G. Ricordi
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They're Khaki Clad.....Ideal Music Pub. Co., Toronto
Tim Rooney's at the Fightin'.....Chappell
The Trumpet Call.....Boosey
Waiting.....Chappell
We'll Never Let Our Old Flag Fall.....Chappell
When the Great Red Dawn Is Shining.....Chappell
When You Look in the Heart of a Rose....Leo. Feist

N.B. I have intended to give the publishers of these listed songs as they appeared at the time the songs were first published. T. B. Harms is now of the firm of Chappell-Harms, New York; and the American representative of Francis, Day & Hunter is now Leo. Feist, but during the war period was T. B. Harms. Except where noted particularly all these firms have American branches in New York.

"I'm Sick of This 'ere Blinkin' War," "A Little Regiment of Your Own" and "When You Look in the Heart of a Rose" are all from the "Better 'Ole."

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